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LONGING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O! all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging;
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in we know
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh, heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons:
That some slight good is always wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

INEZ;

—OR,—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHERE shall we hold our committee?" asked Lord Lynne, as he entered the drawing-room after dinner.

"We do not want flowers and birds to distract us," replied Allan. "Let us remain here, if the ladies are willing, and settle the programme of our tableaux-vivants. Miss Lynne, will you accept the role of prima donna, and tell us what scenes from 'the enchanted realms of fancy' we shall enact."

Inez smiled, and bowed assent. She looked, happier and brighter than usual. There was no doubt that that brilliant, beautiful face could express any passion or emotion.

"We had better arrange a proper programme," said Lord Lynne. "I think we will dispense with the dinner part of the business. My mother thought of a dinner party; but it will be better to give a large party, including dancing and tableaux. I owe an invitation to nearly all my neighbors. We can have a grand supper, mother" he added, smiling at Mrs. Lynne, "and that will console you for missing a formal, ceremonious dinner."

"You will have the old ball-room fitted up, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lynne.

"Yes, it shall be decorated in what the Barfordshire Courier calls a truly magnificent style," he replied. "We shall have hangings and flowers such as never were seen in Lynnewolde before."

"The drawing room would be the best place for the tableaux," said Inez; "they could be arranged in the small drawing-room, and the audience could be seated in the large one."

"That would do capitally," said Allan. "We can have a curtain fixed under the arch, and it will be a perfect little theatre."

"Let us have the tableaux first," said Agatha, "and then we can begin the dancing afterwards. It would spoil both to mix them."

"Certainly," said Lord Lynne. "Do you think, my little cousin, we should spring at once from a polka into a picture? Believe me, tableaux require a great deal of preparation. We will say, as they do on the play-bills, 'Tableaux vivants at nine o'clock—dancing to commence at ten.' And now to business. What shall we try to represent?"

"Are you conversant with English literature?" asked Allan, of Miss Lynne.

"Yes," she replied. "I never had anything to do but read. I know Walter Scott, almost by rote."

"Nothing could be better than a scene from Ivanhoe," said Allan. "Miss Agatha you will be a perfect Rowena, and you, Miss Lynne, a still more perfect Rebecca."

"No," said Inez; "I do not think I could look like Rebecca. Let me have something I feel at home in. Certainly I shall not do so in any attitude of patience, of self-sacrifice, or resignation. I do not like to be Rebecca. I should like to be prosperous, happy and beloved. I do not think I should like to be prosperous, happy, and beloved. I do not think I should look at all patient if any fair-haired Rowena took all I loved best from me."

She spoke rapidly, with a curious ring in her musical voice, and her listeners gazed at her in surprise. It would have been easier for that proud, beautiful girl to die than to enact Rebecca to Agatha's Rowena, while Lord Lynne was Ivanhoe.

"I see what style of character you like," said Allan. "What do you think of a scene from Kenilworth? Miss Agatha would make an excellent Amy Robsart."

"And I could take the part of Queen Elizabeth," said Inez. "Yes—I could look as she did before she knew who Amy Robsart was."

"That will do excellently for one, then," said Lord Lynne.

"Do let us have the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet," cried Agatha. "Inez would make a better Juliet than the real one, I believe. You might be Romeo, Lord Lynne."

"We must have some rehearsals," said Allan. "I think it would be very nice to have the tableaux as a surprise, not to let any one know of them. But we shall want a little more assistance. My sister Evelyn and Miss Dacre, who is visiting her, would be happy to join our company. We could manage some very effective tableaux then, and the surprise would be pleasant; better than if people came all ready to see and criticise."

So it was arranged. Allan Leigh undertook to bring his sister and Miss Dacre on the morning following, and Lord Lynne wrote to ask Bertie Bohun to join them.

* * * * *

The sound of silvery laughter and gay words was now heard in the old hall of Lynnewolde. Inez was transformed; she was queen of the revels. Her ready wit, her brilliant repartees, her genius and gift of song made those meetings or rehearsals scenes of never to be forgotten gaiety. She was universally admired. People did not quite understand her; they were not accustomed to that rare mixture of gay *insouciance* and imperial *hauteur*. Whatever seemed strange or unusual in her, they ascribed to her foreign education.

In the whole county of Barford there was no one so admired as Miss Lynne. Her unusual and rare style of beauty, or wonderful voice, were talked about wherever men and women congregated.

The rehearsals took place in the library—they were pleasant to all; but to one they were dangerous as an intoxicating draught, or a sweet, honeyed poison. It was so easy to play Juliet with Lord Lynne as Romeo; it was so delightful to know that his eyes were dwelling on her face with a look of rapt love and devotion: to stand for that one moment and know that his very soul was in the look bent upon her. One of those rehearsals they never forgot.

"Scene the Third!" cried out Allan Leigh—"Romeo and Juliet;" and Lord Lynne took his place, and Inez hers.

"Capital!" exclaimed Allan; "only don't you think,—excuse me, Miss Lynne,—should you not look at Romeo? Those downcast eyes are very effective; but I think the other would be better still."

Yet the picture—the shy, loving beautiful face, the downcast eyes, their long black fringe resting on the cheeks—was so perfect, it seemed wrong to alter it.

"Try," said Lord Lynne,—"look at me."

Timidly enough she raised those dark, liquid eyes. Lord Lynne never forgot her face as she did so. When she saw the expression on his, the earnest, almost adoring love that she tried so hard to represent, a crimson flush seemed to scorch her cheek and brow. For one moment her lips quivered like the lips of a little, grieving child. In that one look Inez told her secret. It was well for her that no one read it.

"I am tired," she said, impatiently. "I have been rehearsing all the morning. Let me go now, Lord Lynne; we shall manage it, I'm sure; and Mr. Leigh, you may be a *connoisseur* in such things, but it does not seem to me that young ladies usually stand with open eyes to hear such speeches as Romeo made."

"But this is not real," said Allan in self defence, "it is only acting;" and his words, although true, were like a sharp dagger to the passionate heart so nearly betrayed.

It was "only acting," and yet it was all strangely real to her. She lulled herself with sweet dreams, she cheated herself into believing it was real, while Lord Lynne was only waiting until the evening of the *fete* to ask Agatha to be his wife.

Bertie Bohun was a handsome, careless young fellow, who had just passed his examination, and was now at home at Bohun Court, awaiting a commission, for which his father had applied. He was a brave, honorable man, a good son to the aged father who loved him better than anything in the world. He was charmed with the brilliant society at Lynnewolde; the beautiful Andalusian had a most ardent worshipper in Bertie Bohun. He would have suffered any hardship, have borne any peril, have risked any and everything to win one look from those bright eyes, one smile from those perfect lips; but neither look nor smile came to him. Inez received his homage, as she did the homage of all other men, as something that was simply her due. She would have laughed with scorn if anyone had told her that the handsome young fellow loved her. She talked to him about his profession at times until the boy's heart glowed, and he wished—ah, what vain wishes he had!—that she were a captive, and he the knight who rescued her; that she were a queen and he might fight and die for her.

But in his wildest dream no thought, no hope, ever came to Bertie Bohun of winning this magnificent woman and making her his wife. Sometimes, after she had been unusually kind to him, he would resolve that before "he rode away to war," he would tell her how mad and foolish he had been, and ask her to bid him "God speed!" But the marching order was very long in coming, and poor Bertie dreamed the summer away at the syren's feet.

Evelyn Leigh was a pretty lively girl of nineteen—just the least in the world given to flirting, and somewhat inclined, Allan feared, to be fast—still, the pretty face and gay lively manner had many admirers.

Isabel Dacres was a tall, stately brunette, very good-humored and given to great admiration of everything at Lynnewolde, from the young lord to his beautiful cousin. She had not much intellect; but then, as Allan Leigh said, she had figure, and that was requisite in getting up good tableaux.

The invitations to Lynnewolde were issued for the eleventh of August, and very little else save this coming *fete* was spoken of, either in the hall or out of it. Every one anticipated a dancing party; the tableaux were to be a surprise. Yet many wondered why they were requested to be at the Hall at nine punctually.

Under the able superintendence of Allan Leigh the drawing rooms were most effectively arranged for the tableaux, the inner and smaller one was divided from the large room by a long sweeping curtain of rich crimson silk; a kind of stage had been erected, and in the large room the chairs for the guests were arranged in a circle.

"I hope it will all go off well," said Agatha to Lord Lynne on the morning of the eventful eleventh.

"Never fidget, little cousin," he replied, with a smile. "Even supposing there should be neither wit nor sense, wherever there are flowers, lights, and music people amuse themselves and famously, too."

Soon after eight the roll of carriages began, and burden after burden was deposited at the Hall door. The drawing-room soon filled. There was much curiosity as to the curtain and what it screened. The ladies besieged Lord Lynne, anxious to know what "charming surprise" he had prepared for them; but he refused to answer any questions, telling them that, when the clock struck nine, they would have the most complete reply.

When the silver chimes of the little clock rang out that "mystic hour" the lights in the room were subdued; there was a soft sound of music, and the curtain was drawn up on one of the prettiest tableaux ever arranged. It was copied from an old Spanish picture, called "The Surprise." One read the story at a glance. The centre figure, upon which the light fell, was that of a beautiful Spanish girl, represented by Inez Lynne—the black mantilla fastened coquettishly at the back of the head, fell upon the graceful shoulders and the half-quaint, half artistic dress. One deep crimson rose glowed in the depths of her rich hair, and she held a magnificent fan in her white jeweled hands. Standing by her side, his handsome face peeping over her shoulder, was a Spanish cavalier, wearing the picturesque cloak and plumed hat. It was a stolen interview, and at one window of the apartment stood a sister or friend, evidently watching that they should not be surprised. The expression on the face of this kindly guard (Evelyn Leigh) was excellent in its mingled archness and anxiety. But alas, at the other and smaller window—forgotten both by the lovers and their friend—shone the angry face of the old father, who had unexpectedly appeared on the scene.

The tableaux was long and warmly applauded. Lord Lynne made a very handsome cavalier; but no painter ever drew a face so perfect as that of the young girl who stood by him. The rapt love, the coy, pretty, coquettish attitude,—there was but one voice in its praise.

Then the curtain rose upon another and far different scene. Half hiding in a kind of grove or artificial bower there stood a pale, lovely, fair-haired girl. Her sweet face told its own tale of terror and hope. Her fair hair had fallen around her like a soft, shining veil, and her white hands were raised and clasped in supplication. It was Agatha Lynne as Amy Robsart. Standing near her, looking with haughty eyes and cold, disdainful face, was the royal lady who would fain have crushed the gentle life of the fair girl who stood between her and her love. A terrible moment was that in which the royal lady looked upon the gentle girl and knew who she was. It was faithfully rendered. There was something almost sublime in the concentrated passion of Inez Lynne. Little mercy would she feel or shew to one who stood in the way of her love. There was something, too, in the pathetic entreaty of the young face that looked into hers.

There was a hush when the curtain fell upon that picture. Those who looked felt its force and passion.

Then came the pretty balcony scene,—the lovely love-lit face of Inez Lynne shining like a star in the depth of night, and Lord Lynne as Romeo, looking as he was supposed to have looked after the words:

> O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek!

It was perfect as a picture; as a piece of acting it was wonderful. But there was neither semblance nor acting in the passionate heart of the beautiful Juliet; and when the curtain fell, and the sounds of applause reached her ear, Inez raised her eyes once more to the face of Lord Lynne. This time the love did not die out of it; but he stooped gallantly, and kissed the little white jeweled hand. He meant nothing by it; but it was not in human nature to be blind to the love that glowed in that beautiful face.

There were other tableaux, taken from some of the most exquisite of the world's poems. One of Enid and Geraint, where

Agatha and Allan Leigh acquitted themselves with great credit; another of Guinevere and King Arthur; and the last of all taken from a French picture, where Inez, as Marie Antoinnette, sat, the centre of a group, the most brilliant and beautiful of all. Then the music sounded again, the curtain fell, and the tableaux were ended.

"Wonderful!" "the greatest treat!" "the greatest surprise!" "so charming!" and such-like murmurs filled the room. They discussed Agatha and Evelyn, Lord Lynne, Bertie, and Allan, but few named Inez, and when they did so, it was with lowered voices. They recognized the genius, the passion, the grandeur of her nature. She was a new revelation to them, was that beautiful Southern girl.

The tableaux were ended, but the consequences of them never ended for Inez Lynne. Now that Philip looked on her with such love in his face, even though it were but acting, never could she bear to see that same look bent upon another. There was a wild, dizzy joy that filled her whole soul, and she murmured to herself, "I love him so dearly and so deeply, he must love me in return."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ball-room at Lynnewolde was a magnificent apartment. Nothing could be in better taste than the decorations. The scene was picturesque and dazzling; the innumerable lights, the rich hangings, the costly and fragrant flowers, the exquisite dresses of the ladies, the gleaming of rich jewels. Faint, exquisite perfumes seemed to steal upon the air, the music was of the best, and the whole scene one of animation and enjoyment?

If Lord Lynne could have consulted his own inclination he would have opened the ball with Agatha, but the Countess of Strathdale and her daughter, Lady Victoria, were present, and stern etiquette pointed to the tall, plain Scotswoman, and Philip could not but obey.

"Keep the first waltz for me, Agatha," he whispered.

"I have just promised Allan," she replied. "I am so sorry. Ask Inez; she likes waltzing."

And again, as Lord Lynne drew near his cousin, he was struck with her astonishing beauty.

Inez had arrayed herself for conquest that evening. "He loves magnificence," she said to herself, "and my dress shall please him;" and please him it did, for his eyes rested upon her as they would have done upon some rare picture. Her dress was of some glowing soft material, mingled white and gold. A coronet of superb opals, the last gift of her father, shone in the midst of her wealth of hair; opals were clasped round the firm white throat and the exquisite arms, and a deep crimson rose, artistically placed in the bodice of her dress gave sufficient color to relieve the white. The brilliant passionate face was radiant in its beauty; the dark eyes flashed as they had never done before, for she had hoped at last,—this haughty girl who spurned alike love and lovers,—that Lord Lynne loved her. She had no reason for it, save that his eyes had softened when he gazed upon her, and his lips had touched her hand; he was coming, too, to ask her for the waltz, the dreamy delicious music of which had just begun. If she had known he had sought her in compliance with Agatha's request, she would have trampled upon her own heart rather than have owed one act of kindness to another.

Ignorance is sometimes happiness, and Inez was really happy as she moved in unison with that music. She was, as are all Spanish ladies, a graceful dancer. No haste or awkwardness—easy, and with graceful dignity, she seemed to make the music and the motion one.

Lord Lynne had never danced with her before; it was her unusual superiority that made him say:

"That is the best waltz I ever had in my life. If I were a Spanish courtier, I should say that every day develops new gifts and graces in my charming cousin."

It was simply a pretty complimentary speech, such as Lord Lynne had often whispered to his partner. There was nothing in it to cause her heart to thrill and tremble, and her cheeks to glow.

It is pitiful to think how people can help to delude themselves. While she, with the whole force and strength of her wild southern nature, loved him, and walked down the room by his side as one in a dream, Lord Lynne was saying to himself, "Now I will seek my darling to-night,—I will ask her to be my wife."

Then Bertie Bohun, half timidly, came to beg for one dance. He was dazzled by the brightness of the face that smiled upon him.

"You are very kind," he said, as he led her to her place in the quadrille, "to dance with me."

She looked at him in amazement as she repeated:

"Kind;—what do you mean?"

"If I were a king with a crown, or a general covered with orders and medals, or a duke with the garter and the ribbon of St. George," he said, awkwardly, "I should feel more at my ease, and more worthy of dancing with you."

It was a boyish speech, but it came from the depths of an honest, boyish heart. He might be young, and awkward, but he loved this beautiful girl with the whole strength of his simple, candid nature.

Inez laughed merrily at his very florid compliments,—a delicious, silvery, rippling laugh; but it tingled his cheeks with shame as he heard it.

"Ah, you are laughing at me," he said, trying to conceal his mortification. "I thought you would laugh, if you ever knew I dared to presume to admire you."

"I ought to be very much obliged to you," she said, the smile lingering on her lips and in her eyes.

"Do not laugh at me again, Miss Lynne," said poor Bertie. "If you retain any recollection of my folly, will you also remember that my life is at your service; and if ever the time should come in which you require a friend, with a strong will and a brave heart, will you remember me?"

She smiled again, but in after years those words came back to her.

It was a brilliant party assembled that evening at Lynnewolde. The belle of the room was undoubtedly the beautiful, dark-eyed Andalusian. The gentleman raved about her; the ladies were not jealous of her—she was too unlike them. Had she been more common-place she might have stirred their envy; as it was, all smaller feelings were merged in surprise. She seemed careless of the homage so freely offered her. Inez had but one thought, one idea, one hope, and that was to win the love of the man she loved.

Agatha enjoyed the dancing; Allan kept as much as possible by her side. No one who saw him could doubt that he loved this gentle girl who smiled so kindly upon him.

The music of another waltz sounded more enchanting, more delicious, than the first, and again Lord Lynne sought Inez.

Once more to this wild, dreamy music, she seemed to float as though upon the air, with the face she loved best on earth smiling upon her. Then, when he released her, her heart was full of happiness. She could not remain there to laugh and talk; she did not wish to hear the sound of another voice while his lingered upon her ear. She wanted to be alone for a few minutes—alone with her happiness and her love.

She passed rapidly through the ball-room, and into the conservatory. It was dimly lighted; the air, loaded with luscious perfume, made her dizzy with its excess of fragrance. Out upon the lawn she saw the silver moonlight and the shadow of the trees upon the grass. Out in the moonlight the lilies and roses slept, the night dew lying thick upon them.

The cool, soft light looked tempting enough after the heated room. Inez longed to be out in it, to dream for a few minutes, among the sleeping flowers, of her happiness and her love. She drew her white shawl over her head and passed out to the lawn. The stillness of the night was soothing after the gay music and laughter. She sat down under the great cedar; and while she lived, Inez Lynne never forgot the solemn beauty of that scene. In the distance she heard the faint sound of the dance music—the moonlight, the trees, the sighing of the breeze, the perfume of the flowers, all told one story to the impassioned girl—the story of her happiness and her love.

Beautiful as it was, she did not remain long. She was engaged for the third waltz to Lord Lynne, and she did not wish to lose that. She went back quietly and gently into the conservatory. Her light footsteps made no noise.

"I might be a ghost, I glide so well," she said to herself, with a smile. But the smile died upon her lips; for, standing by the side of the marble Flora, was Lord Lynne and her sister Agatha. They neither saw nor heard, and she stood rooted to the spot, unable to move, unable, if her life had depended upon it, to utter one word.

In his hand Lord Lynne held a beautiful white hyacinth, and she heard every syllable that fell from his lips.

"Agatha, my darling," he said, tenderly, "Do you know what I have brought you here to tell you? Do you know what I wish to say to you?—but my courage half fails me."

Artlessly she raised her bright eyes to his face in some surprise; but before she had time to reply, a voice was heard saying, "Agatha, Mrs. Lynne wants to speak to you—where are you?"

"There is Evelyn Leigh calling you," said Lord Lynne hurriedly. "You know what I wished to say, Agatha; take this flower," he added, handing it to her, "and return it to me to-morrow morning, with your answer."

"There you are," cried the gay voice of Evelyn Leigh, as she entered the conservatory, "positively looking sentimental with Lord Lynne! Make haste, Agatha, for Mrs. Lynne has been asking for you for the last half hour."

They passed out together and left Lord Lynne, as he thought alone; he did not see the pale face with its look of sharp pain and deadly anguish, half hidden among the tall shrubs; he did not dream that a proud, passionate heart, breaking for love of him, was near.

"My darling," she heard him say with a loving smile, "how sweet and good she is!"

Then Inez Lynne knew that her sister had won the heart and love she meant to make her own.

She stood quite still among the dark green shrubs, and no sound told of the deadly strife and despair, no word told of the love and happiness frozen and dead. Her slender jewelled fingers were tightly clenched, but she stood silent and motionless as a statue, until Lord Lynne went away; then, with a light, noiseless step, she fled to her own room, and rapidly closed and locked the door.

It was a pitiful sight upon which the moonbeams fell. The proud, beautiful girl, radiant with love and happiness so short a time since, with a great cry, flung herself down, and the moonlight fell upon the gleaming opals, the sumptuous dress, and the white despairing face.

It had been her one treasure, her one wish, her one ambition;—that love would have crowned her life, and now it was all over,—her wondrous beauty, her genius, her marvellous voice, had all been powerless to win the heart that was laid at the feet of her gentle sister. Tears of mortification rained down her cheeks; it was not only that the hope and treasure of her life were wrecked, but she was humiliated; she had loved in vain, and her haughty nature writhed again. Without effort her sister had won the prize for which she would freely have given her life.

"It shall not be," she cried, wildly. "I have nothing else. All my life I have been wronged and injured. I will have what my father meant to give me. I will make him love me. I will be Lady Lynne, or I will die!"

When the wild passion of grief had exhausted itself, she rose and went to her mirror. Was that white, tear-stained face the same that had dazzled Bertie Bohun so short a time since?

Any one who saw Inez Lynne, when she entered the ball-room half an hour afterwards, would have said that she had never known a sigh or shed a tear. The opals gleamed in her dark hair, her cheeks were flushed with the most exquisite color, and her eyes were bright and sparkling. That could never be the same woman upon whose prostrate figure and raining tears the moonbeams had fallen. Inez Lynne was a good actress; no one could have told that the brightness, the smiles, and the gay words were all forced and false. No one could have guessed that beneath that brilliant manner there was a torrent of dark, angry passions—a wealth of ruined, hopeless love. But she played out her part; she remained in the ball-room until the last, she bade Bertie Bohun good-night with sweet, gay words that thrilled him; she laughed with Lord Lynne, and jested with Agatha. She sat patiently after that, while her maid brushed out the long, shining tresses, although her heart pained and she longed to be undisturbed; but she never gave way until her room door was locked, and she was once more alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE moonbeams of that soft summer night fell upon the stately hall of Lynnewolde, upon the dark masses of wood, the shining lake, the picturesque gardens; they bathed all in their sweet soft light. But there was one spot where they fell without healing of balm in their half mournful light.

Never did "good and evil" fight for a human heart as they struggled that night for the heart of Inez Lynne. All the fire, the passion, the recklessness of that Southern nature were aroused. She had sworn that she would succeed; that by some means the love she longed for should be hers; and she was not of those who esteem an oath as a "light burden" to be thrown off at will.

She sat now by the window of her room; her dark eyes resting upon the woods of Lynnewolde; her wealth of black hair falling round her shoulders. She was almost terribly beautiful to behold as that "war of passions" raged within her.

It was a war; for there were times when a softer look came to the exquisite face and softer tears fell down the pale cheeks. Then a better and nobler impulse whispered to her to be patient, to submit, to leave her sister happy in her love, to conquer and trample upon the wild love that "wrought havoc" within. But the better impulse passed, and the proud, indomitable spirit woke up fiercer and stronger for its repulse.

"No mercy has ever been shown to me!" she murmured. "Years and years ago, if I had had the love that ought to have been mine—if my father had treated me as he did his other child,—my life would have been different. Shall I lose the only love I ever asked for, the only blessing life has to give me? I cannot!"

So she watched and repeated wild words to herself, until the first faint dawn of the morning came into the sky. A thought had struck her;—in the first few minutes that it came to her, she seemed to shrink from it, for a crimson flush covered her face, and her eyes fell as though with a sense of shame. Yet it came again, and again she played with it. She let herself think of all that might be, and then she yielded and said it should be so.

She sat and watched the dawn of the golden morning. There was no more battle—it had been lost; no more struggle—evil had prevailed. For weal or for woe she had shaped her fate. She had sworn she would win, let the cost be what it might.

Nature woke up from its rest; the birds began their morning hymn; the dew-laden flowers opened their eyes, and sent abroad their thousand perfumes; bright sunbeams warmed and gladdened the earth; but something died that night in the heart of Inez Lynne, and never woke again until it awoke to remorse and despair.

When the bright morning was further advanced, she rose and proceeded to make a careful toilette. She washed away the traces of her tears—she smoothed the long tresses—she dressed herself in one of her prettiest morning robes. She was even satisfied with her own appearance when she gazed in the mirror, something had died away that was not to appear again until——

Slowly and cautiously she left her room, and entered her sister's. She cast one rapid glance around—all was as she wished. Agatha lay, sleeping soundly, and the white hyacinth was in a glass on the table. She bent over her young sister, she slept such a sleep as would never again visit Inez Lynne, her face wearing a look of profound happiness, a smile parting the rosy lips.

Inez felt no remorse for what she was about to do—no sorrow for the blow her hand was about to inflict.

"She cannot feel," she murmured to herself, "and I can."

Then slowly and cautiously she took the flower from the glass, and noiselessly quitted the room.

"It is all a chance," she said, "but that chance is my last and only one. If he is down it can be done, and I am safe, if not, that hope goes. I will not think or fear detection afterwards. I will so manage that it shall be impossible. Let me see if fortune favors me."

She rapped gently at the library door; Philip's voice, clear and joyous, bade her enter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHINESE POETESS.

THERE is an interesting account of a Chinese poetess by name Kae-Yven. She was a female servant in the emperor's palace. When the imperial troops in the time of a severe winter, stood on the frontiers in order to crush the rebels, the emperor sent a large supply of warm clothing to his army, the greater part of which was made in the harem. One of the soldiers found in the pocket of one of the articles of clothing given to him the following verses:

"To quell the rebels who disorder keep
Thou fightest bravely; but alas for sleep!
The bitter cold of nights no slumber gives—
Slumber that seals the eyes of all that lives.
This warrior's dress I send was worked right featly,
But who shall wear it I am posed completely:
Double I've made it, thick and sound and warm,
Against all deadly cold to keep from harm.
Some brave dragoon twill fit, unknown to me;
But—who can tell?—him yet in heaven I'll see."

The soldier thought it to be his duty to show the verses to his commanding officer. Much attention was attracted to them, and they reached the emperor, who ordered strict inquiry to be made in the harem, and that whoever wrote them should not conceal it, but come forward and make confession. The writer of the verses then stood forward, and pleaded guilty and deserving of a thousand deaths. The emperor had compassion on her, and made her to be married to the soldier to whom she sent the verses, his imperial majesty at the same time jocosely remarking, "And so you two have met together, after all," to which the fortunate poetess instantly replied:

"The emperor speaks, in deed and word so pleasant,
And makes the future for his children present."

In consequence of all this the name of Kae-Yven is preserved to this day, and ranks among the female poets of the Chinese empire.

UNDER OBLIGATION.—Under no circumstances, if you can avoid it, ask a favor, not even from your nearest and dearest friends. Give as many as you can, and, if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for or stand waiting for any. Who ever asked a favor at the right time? To be refused is a woeful stab at one's pride. It is even worse to have a favor granted hesitatingly. Better do everything for yourself until you drop from exhaustion, and then, if any one picks you up, let it be because of his own free choice, and not from any groan you utter. But, while you can stand, be a soldier. Eat your own crust rather than feed on another's dainty meals; drink cold water rather than another's wine. Love or tenderness should never be put aside when its full hands are stretched towards you; but so few love, so few are tender, that a favor asked is apt to be a cruel millstone around your neck, even if you gain the thing you want by the asking. You can never repay the giver of a favor if that favor is granted on solicitation. M. S.

THE TWO LIGHTS.

BY J. B. T.

"When I'm a man!" the strippling cries,
And strives the coming years to scan—
"Ah, then I shall be strong and wise,
When I'm a man!"

"When I was young," the old man sighs,
"Bravely the lark and linnet sung
Their carol under sunny skies,
When I was young!"

"When I'm a man, I shall be free
To guard the right, the truth uphold."
"When I was young I bent no knee
To power or gold."

"Then shall I satisfy my soul
With yonder prize, when I'm a man."
"Too late I found how vain the goal
To which I ran.

"When I'm a man these idle toys
Aside forever shall be flung."
"There was no poison in my joys
When I was young."

The boy's bright dream is all before,
The man's romance lies far behind.
Had we the present and no more,
Fate were unkind.

But, brother, toiling in the night,
If in the east there gleams a light,
Or in the west.

The Step-Mother.

BY A. O. G.

THERE was a children's party at Mr. Stanley's. They were grouped on the piazza. The blinds of the library windows which opened upon it were closed, but the sashes were raised, and the merry, musical tones of the young voices flitted through and stole upon the ear of its occupant, a fine, noble looking man, in the prime of life.

But suddenly the smile that had illumined his face passed off, and an anxious, care-worn look wrinkled his brows and saddened his eyes. A sentence from the lips of his oldest child, a girl of fourteen, had caused the change.

"I should just like to see my father bring a step-mother into the house," exclaimed Mary Stanley, vehemently stamping her little foot as she spoke. "A step mother, why I could never endure the word. I could never see another woman taking my own mother's place in my father's heart and his children's home! O, it would kill me, it would," and she burst into tears, and ran away and hid herself in the summer-house.

The group dispersed one way and another —and when the echo of their steps and tones had quite died away Mr. Stanley left his seat and walked rapidly up and down the room, now pressing his forehead with quick, wild motions, and then folding his heart as though he would hush its almost audible moans.

He was indeed sorely troubled in mind. He had lost his wife about three years before. She was indeed one of God's noble women, and he had loved her with the intensity of a first passion. For a long time, not even the endearments of his two elder children, nor the wails of the babe, left motherless ere it had known an hour of life, could call him back from the grave of her he had loved so well.

Faith finally lifted up his soul—bore it from earth to heaven, and he became resigned that his wife had gone, because he felt that she had not lost in the exchange of worlds, but gained in an infinite degree.

But now he realized more intensely than ever the saddened character of his bereavement. When plunged in the first bitterness of grief he had not thought nor cared how matters were managed in his home; he had entrusted everything to his domestics without caring how or what they did. He awakened to find everything changed —disorder where had reigned order, extravagance turning economy out of doors, children growing up like weeds instead of being trained like flowers; in short, his house exhibiting that state of affairs which a widower's ever does when at the mercy of those who work for money and not love.

Yet two years smiled, rained and snowed upon the grave of his buried love ere he thought seriously of taking to his heart another. The thought, at first, seemed blasphemy to a holy memory. But he came in time to feel that he could be faithful to the dead and yet give affection to the living. Still, after the widowed father had resolved to marry, had come to feel that he had a right to, that it was his duty so to do, he hesitated. There would come times when, in spite of reason, the act would seem like giving up the dear departed—when the thought of clasping another to his heart was a suffocating agony.

A year passed on and came and left his mind in the same unquiet state. But then a change passed over him and he again resolved to be a husband—to bring to his children a second mother. This thought was present when the words of Mary stole upon his ear and awakened a new and keen anxiety.

* * * * *

One evening, about three months after this, Mr. Stanley called his children into the library where he sat directing and sealing letters. When the last was folded and finished, he pushed them aside, and wheeling his chair from the table bade them come and take their seats; which meant that Mary should nestle on his knees, and Eddie on a cushion at his feet.

He did not speak for some minutes, and when at length he broke the silence, it was with a husky voice.

"I am going a journey next week, my children. To the far West—and I shall be absent at least three months, and perhaps six and the business that calls me is of such a nature it would be impossible for you to accompany me. But I am not going to leave you alone. I have engaged——"

"Another housekeeper?" exclaimed both, with a passionateness that told how unpleasant would be the tidings

"No, my children, but a governess."

"Worse and worse, father," said Mary. "I had rather be buried at once than be under the rule of a governess."

"The lady I have engaged," continued the father, very calmly, "is no ordinary woman. She is a distant relative of your mother—and nothing but the love she cherished towards her has induced her to respond in the affirmative to my urgent solicitations, and become your governess during my absence. You will find her beautiful in person, amiable in disposition, dignified in manners, highly cultivated in mind—and I feel assured that you will soon learn to love her, and that you will be very happy while I am gone."

And then the father dropped the subject. But he had managed it well. True, the idea of having a governess in the house, of being compelled to submit to any rules or restraints, though never so reasonable, was very irksome to both the children. But then she was a lady, and a blood relative of their mother, and pride and affection constrained them both to agree to receive her in the most polite manner possible.

Mary was pretty good at giving orders, and she issued so many this time that the poor cook and housemaid were almost distracted. The best chamber was to be put in order, the parlors cleaned, the dining-room carpet taken up, the nursery thoroughly renovated—in short, so much was to be well done that everything was only half done. Instead of finding all in perfect order, the new governess, on her arrival, found all in sad disorder.

It was a sweet fair face which met their gaze as the traveler drew aside her veil, and very musical was her voice as she said:

"Have you waited long, little cousins? I hope you are not as tired as I am"

Then she pushed back the curls from Mary's brow, and pressing a kiss upon it said half to herself and half to them: "The same dark eyes—I should have known them anywhere."

Then she turned and shook hands with the brother, and thanked him so gracefully for his courtesy, that he felt himself almost a man. But when little, pale-faced, puny Willie was caught in her tender embrace, her heart seemed to overflow with love and pity.

That night Willie went to sleep in her arms, and was tucked up in his little crib as the poor motherless child had never been before. And what a happy evening had they in the parlor. Cousin Frances touched the keys of the piano with a grace and delicacy that charmed Mary, and made her long for morning that she might become her pupil.

Very pleasant did it seem to Mary to have such a gentle lady go with her to her room instead of the chambermaid, who was ever at that hour too tired to be good-natured. From very shame she was careful not to leave any of her clothes scattered about in an untidy way, and did her best to conceal the ragged sleeve of her night gown and the torn lace that fluttered about her cap. How sweet, too, it seemed to have some one fold the quilt so snugly about her, and then to feel kisses on her lips, and hear a loving good night as the door closed on her.

Then Eddie's room was visited. Poor boy! how ashamed he felt when he saw her stoop down here and there and gather up his clothes in order. He determined she should never be obliged to do it again. And when, mother-like, she drew the clothes closer about him, kissed him, and said good-night in so sweet a tone, he declared that down in the bottom of his heart something stirred which had not moved before since his mother died.

Ere she retired to her own chamber, half in order, she visited the servants in their domain. Like the children they had resented the idea of having any but themselves to regulate the household, having governed it pretty well since the last housekeeper left—but when they saw how gently yet firmly she managed that evening with her young charges, they half determined they would stay yet awhile and see how matters went. But when she entered the kitchen and in so quiet and lady-like a way asked them how they had got along since Mr. Stanley left, and if they were not tired with so much cleaning and dusting, she won their hearts completely.

* * * * *

Mr. Stanley had been absent about five months, and a letter indicating the day of his return was daily watched for. They sat at tea, one evening, and Cousin Frances had just remarked that the mail would be in soon, when the door bell rang. "That is the post boy," said she and the children in the same breath—but instead of jumping from their seats, half upsetting the table, and running pell-mell to the door as they would have done six months before, neither stirred, though their countenances betrayed impatience.

"Two letters, ma'am," said Jane, handing them to the lady.

One was directed to herself, but she merely glanced at the superscription and placed it very quietly in her pocket, and handed Mary the other. She tore it open with nervous eagerness, gave the envelope to Eddie to soothe his disappointment at there being none for him, and with very rapid motions of her eyes dispatched the contents. A beautiful smile dimpled her cheeks as she read the first page, and she exclaimed in a joyous tone:

"He's coming—is on the road home now—will be here next Tuesday—just a week from to-night. O, I am so glad."

But what she saw on the opposite page was more than Eddie could guess—such a wild change passed over her face. She seemed to nerve herself to know all, and read on, though her hands trembled like leaves in a whirlwind, and her lips were white, and bitten till the marks of her teeth were plain. But with the last word she threw it on the floor, stamped on it, and then flung herself on a sofa and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"What is the matter?" said Cousin Frances, anxiously. "Do tell me, my dear child."

"Matter enough," said Mary, sorrowly. "O, dear, O, dear, my heart will break! Father—father—is—going—to—get—married."

"I know I never can abide her," exclaimed Mary passionately.

"Nor I," joined in Eddie. "And then our nice plan, Mary—"

"Hush," whispered she, and motioned him to forbear.

Rapidly flew the week, and with the last day of its flight Mr. Stanley returned. Then, indeed, there was a happy family. In the joy of seeing him again, and of seeing him so well, so strong, the children forgot for the time entirely the dreaded step mother, who in a month's time was to be introduced to them.

The father did seem to be gratified quite as much as they had expected by the change in themselves and in his household. He praised Cousin Frances quite as much as they had desired, and owned that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to have her continue in the family. He held several consultations, both public and private, with her upon the subject, but he could not influence her. She would go at the specified time.

Had she been their mother the children could hardly have manifested more grief when she left. "We shall come, we shall and will come, you see if we don't," were their last passionate exclamations to her as the carriage rolled away.

Their father then told them that he should leave that day week for the purpose of being married—that he and his bride would spend a few days in travelling, and then he should bring her home.

"It is a delicate subject," said he, "and the least said the better. I only ask you to give the new mother that kindly welcome which yourselves would crave were your relative positions changed," he added, calmly.

The day came for the father's departure, the week glided and the day of his return had dawned. The hours passed on and evening came. There is the sound of carriage wheels. Nearer they come, they stop, the gate swings to and the front door swings open, for Jane has stood there a half hour watching. Leaning on the arm of her husband, the step mother, closely veiled, enters the parlor. The children strive to meet her, to speak, but the effort is too much, the effort too severe, and falling on each other's neck they sob aloud.

Very gracefully does the lady disengage herself from Mr. Stanley, and very affectionately does she clasp them in her arms, and very low and sweetly does she say:

"If you really think, when you come to see her, why——"

But ere she could finish the sentence they tore the veil from her face, and exclaiming, half-wildly, half joyfully, "Cousin Frances, Cousin Frances," almost smothered her with kisses

After awhile the father, who had seemed lost in caressing Willie, joined them, and releasing her from their grasp, said, very coolly, "allow me, my children, to introduce to you my wife, Mrs. Stanley, the dreaded step mother. It is a delicate subject, and the least said the better; so, if you please, we will done our traveling habiliments and have some supper."

There may be as happy households in the world as Mr. Stanley's, but there are none happier—and of nothing are the children so proud as that dreaded step-mother.

It is reported that Miss Hosmer's new motor is all right in theory, but it will not work.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

BERLINERS AND BEER.—The Berliner's partiality for beer appears in several departments of his cookery. Beer soup is common enough at Berlin restaurants, and so is beer sauce, especially with eels and carp; while beef stewed in beer and strongly flavored is a favorite dish.

AN OLD LAW OF LENT.—A law of Charlemagne, also a law of the Saxons, condemned to death any one who ate meat in Lent, unless the priest was satisfied that it was "a matter of absolute necessity." In Poland the penalty was somewhat less severe. The eye teeth of the offender were extracted, and he was left to eat meat afterwards as best he could.

RUSSIAN COUNTRY HOUSES.—The guest-chamber of a Russian country house is as devoid of beds as a country hotel. At most a foreigner will be accommodated with an ottoman spread with catskins; but, even if he have to be on the floor, he will be sure, says a recent writer on the subject, to sleep, for a "nightcap" will be given him in the shape of pint bowl, full of a mixture of tea, egg yolks, and arak punch, enough to make him cry when he swallows it and warranted to procure him a grand series of nightmares till morning.

FISH AND THE BRAIN.—Under the idea that fish is good for the brain many persons resort to it as a diet and persuade themselves that they derive advantage from it in increased vividness of thought—a signal improvement in the reasoning powers. But flesh of fish contains no excess of phosphorus—the brain element—nor does its shining depend on that element. Decaying willow wood shines even more brilliantly than decaying fish. Yet surely no one found himself rising to a poetic fervor by tasting decaying willow wood, though it ought on these principles to be a better brain food than a much larger quantity of fish.

TAILED MEN.—An English naturalist, who has passed eighteen months in New Guinea, says, among other matters, that his party came in contact with a tribe of natives in the interior whose custom suggested to him the probable origin of the rumors that have been always current of a race of tailed men in some remote corners of the globe. These natives wear artificial tails of such cunning construction as to entirely mislead a casual observer. They are entirely naked, except for the caudal ornament, which is a plait of grass fastened round their loins by a fine string, and depending behind to about half way down their legs.

BRUSSELS LACE.—The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons one on piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to keep the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide from 200 to 300 bobbins are sometimes used, and for a larger width as many as 800.

THE LAW OF POPULATION.—The gist of the matter is given by Dr. Farr in the following words: "The nearer people live to each other the shorter their lives are," and the relations of this proximity to the duration of life are ascertained to be as follows: "In round numbers, where we stand on an average 400 feet from each other, we live on an average 50 years; where we are 300 feet off we live 40 years; where we come within 30 feet of each other we live but 30 years, and where we are but 20 feet off we live but 25 years. It does not seem likely that by extending our interspace beyond the four hundred feet we could prolong the average life beyond 50 years; but it is very clear that if we contract the interspace beyond the limit of 20 feet we must rapidly reduce the mean of 25 years to 20, to 15, to 10, and before long, so to speak, to nothing."

DUNS IN INDIA.—The Mahratta mode of recovering debts is curious. When the creditor cannot get his money, and begins to see the debt is rather desperate, he sits "dhurna" upon his debtor, that is, he squats down at the door of the tent, and becomes in a certain mysterious degree the master of it. No one goes in or out without his approbation. He neither eats himself, nor suffers his debtors to eat; and this famishing contest is carried on till the debt is paid, or the creditor begins to feel that want of food is a greater nourishment than the want of money. A custom of this kind was once so prevalent that Brahmins were trained to remain a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich individual where they made a vow to remain without eating till they should obtain a certain sum of money. To preserve the life of a Brahmin is so absolutely a duty that the money was generally paid; but never till a good struggle had taken place, to ascertain whether the man was staunch or not, for money is the life and soul of all Hindoos.

BUTTERCUPS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Green are the meadows, for the touch of Spring
Is on the earth, its perfume in the air;
In yon clear brook the swallow dips his wing,
And orchard-trees their loads of blossoms bear.

Scattered in lavish wealth o'er mead and field,
The buttercups in golden beauty show;
Their burnished globes a tender pleasure yield
To us as once again we younger grow.

And mark the tramp of little toddling feet,
The glowing rosy cheeks, the eager eyes,
The baby laughter, and the prattle sweet
Of children seizing each their shining prize.

Not flow'rs of cost, as are exotics rare—
Flow'rs to be purchased only by much gold;
Not flow'rs to rest within a Court belle's hair,
Or make a fair bride fairer twenty fold;

But flow'rs to deck a village maiden's breast—
A simple beauty, fairest unadorned—
Or be by Childhood's dimpled fingers pressed
Nature's gold cuplets, by the wealthy scorned

Bright buttercups, that mind us of the days
When we no farther looked than Childhood's hours,
Be this my simple song sung in your praise,
Simplest, yet dearest, of our sweet Spring flow'rs!

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XLIX.—[CONTINUED.]

HE came an hour ago, sir," he replied; "but he preferred to sit by the kitchen fire, where he made tea for himself in his own way, and he has been drinking it ever since."

I knew the Russians were great tea-drinkers, and so I guessed instantly this was some countryman of the duke's—perhaps truly a priest also, and bound to obey his bidding. Maybe he was a chaplain in his own household; and at this thought my heart sank indeed.

In a few minutes more the Russian—a pale, silent man—had erected and decked a little altar in the mildewed parlor, and as he lighted the wax candles, which stood on it, he said in French,—"Monsieur le duc, we wait now only for the bride."

"I will call her," he returned, eagerly. "Or no, perhaps it will be more fitting if Alice goes to her chamber door. Miss Rathline will you oblige me? Will you tell her all is ready, and beseech her to descend?"

To see Madeline for a few moments alone had been my earnest prayer, and I started up eagerly to obey his behest. If I could gain her ear for only five short minutes, I was almost sure this marriage would never be.

"Where is she?—where is Madeline?" I cried.

"This good woman will lead you to her room. Be quick, Miss Rathline, I entreat you," replied the duke.

Grace Chagwynne had just then entered the room; and, as I met her eye, I saw it was troubled, and her face wore a frightened look.

"Deary me!" she said; "hadn't you better wait till morning? A midnight wedding is such a outlandish thing."

"Go, Miss Rathline—pray go!" interposed the duke, laying his hand lightly on my arm.

In spite of his politeness and his quiet tone, I perceived that he was trembling, and every moment's delay was raising in his heart a thousand fears. Almost as impatient as myself, I walked hurriedly to the door.

"It is no use to go into her room, miss," said Grace Chagwynne,—"the lady is not there."

Much as I disliked the Duke de Briancourt, I pitied him now, as I saw the ghostly whiteness of his face when he heard these words.

"Where is she?" he asked, in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

"Sir," said the woman, "she is on board the schooner lying off St. Eglon's Point. She wished to see the captain of that craft, and I signalled for him to come ashore; but he sent a boat instead with a message, to know what I wanted; and then the lady, being resolved to see him, desired the men to row on board."

"And who is the captain?" demanded the duke.

"My brother, Michael Polgrain," she answered.

She spoke in a frightened tone, with her eyes fixed, not on the duke, but on my brother Alfred.

"How long has she been gone?" asked the former.

"A very short time before you arrived, sir. The Penkivel did not drop anchor till past ten o'clock."

"Is there a boat to be had here? I shall go and fetch her," exclaimed the duke, sharply.

"My son Martin has a boat down in the cove, but I won't say that he will row you out to the Penkivel," returned Grace Chagwynne.

The Duke de Briancourt's eyes flashed distrust and anger on her as she spoke.

"I'll not forget to pay him well," he retorted, waiving her to the door. "Go and fetch him."

"It is not Martin who will take money, sir, for rowing you to the Penkivel. No amount of money will bribe him to do a hurt to my brother Michael," said Grace, quietly.

The duke, after a moment's bewilderment, burst into a laugh, saying. "Ah, I had forgotten the fellow was a smuggler. My good woman, I am not in the Preventive service."

"I don't know what you are, sir," said Grace, "but I am sure Martin won't take you to the Penkivel. And there is no need; the lady said she would return soon," said Grace.

"I can't wait!" cried the duke, impatiently. "This delay is maddening. Alice, the smugglers will not suspect you to be in the Coastguard service; will you aboard this craft and bring back Madeline? You need have no fear whatever—the sea is like glass."

"I am not afraid," I said, quietly.

"Mrs. Chagwynne," cried the duke, "fetch your obliging son and his boat at once. I presume he will not suspect this young lady of a design to seize his uncle and all the cargo."

Mrs. Chagwynne glanced at my slight figure with a smile.

"I don't think Martin will object to take you, miss," she said.

"Go then—go at once," returned the duke, almost pushing her from the room. "Alice," he continued, "I will never forget this kindness of yours. Choose what you will, and I will give it you. Bring her away quickly from these fascinating smugglers, and you shall have the diamonds of a duchess. Ah, my charming Miss Rathline, how hard it is in this world to be happy for five minutes! I was so full of joy a short time ago, and now I am on the rack of suspence and agony. Why did Madeline go to see this accursed smuggler to-night? Does she think that real smugglers are like smugglers of the opera? Pity me, Alice, I am going distracted!"

Thus he rambled on, while fifteen or twenty minutes went slowly by. How he paced the room, how impatiently he looked at his watch, I will not say. And as he walked to and fro, he continually impressed on me that I was to relate to Madeline every particular that had occurred at Penkivel. I thought I had something to relate to Madeline even stranger than that; but I kept my own counsel.

"The boat is ready, miss."

The welcome words sent a deep glow through all my veins. I stooped and kissed Alfred.

"Good bye, duke," I cried.

"Here is my cloak. Wrap yourself in this, Alice. I shall watch for your return like—like a bridegroom," he answered.

Again his agitation and his fear, his long-enduring mad love, forced me to pity him.

"Do not come with me to the boat," I said to him. "I shall go more quickly with Grace."

"I obey you," he answered, flinging himself into a chair.

In the short walk to the little cove where the boat waited, I resolved to trust Grace. She had a face I liked.

"Listen to me," I said, earnestly. "I entreat you to do me a kindness. This morning I parted with a gentleman named Pellew. He is searching for Madeline; he told me he should come to this very spot; he may arrive now at any instant. The favor I ask you is to give my young brother into his keeping. On no account, happen what may, let him depart with the duke, supposing Mr. Pellew forces the duke to leave. Will you promise me this?"

"Yes, yes," she said, quickly.

"My brother has been hidden from me nearly three years," I continued, breathlessly. "I trust to you to put him safely into Mr. Pellew's hands."

"I will do it, miss," she answered.

Here came the soft splash of oars, and in another minute I was out on the moonlit sea. The boat was a stout sea-going boat, and with only one rower she made but little way. As we rounded St. Eglon's Point, I saw the Penkivel about a mile off, the sea so clear and silvery round about her, that it seemed a mirror in which her image was reflected, with the tapering masts pointed downwards, and fairy rigging hanging like cobwebs on the waves. When we had got clear of the Point, I perceived there lay on the other side a tiny beach of glistening white sand, and a little cove, wonderfully sheltered, round which stood a few cottages. From this cove, when we were about midway between St. Eglon's Point and the ship, a small boat shot out, and Martin rested on his oars for a moment to regard it.

"That looks like Uncle Giles, the fisher," he said, "but I can't make out no ways who he has got with him."

Martin rowed faster after this, and I soon found myself on the deck of the Penkivel. I saw Madeline instantly. She was seated on a heap of sails at the foot of the mainmast, while a tall man, with a face so pale and bloodless that it seemed a dead man's, leant over her, one arm grasping the mast, and the other stretched towards St. Eglon's. "Yes, but the real place is scarcely so ghastly to me as the shadow of it," I heard him say. "You upon the land, and I upon the sea, must have the shadow of St. Eglon's always with us."

"Uncle," said Martin, "the company at the Hut are anxious about the lady, and here's a friend come in my boat to fetch her."

"Is he come for me?" said Madeline. "I am ready."

Her face was death-white, and in all her aspect I saw a change, a something reckless and defiant. I perceived she fancied the Duke de Briancourt had come for her. I was hidden behind the mast, but I stood forward now.

"Madeline, it is I—Alice Rathline," I said, quietly.

"You, Alice—and here," she cried. "What is the meaning of this?"

In a few words I told her of my journey to Exeter with Mr. Pellew, and my subsequent journeys to Penkivel and St. Eglon's with the Duke de Briancourt.

"And he is waiting for me? Let me go," said Madeline.

"Not till you have heard me," I returned, resolutely. "I have a message for you from Mr. Pellew."

As I spoke, Martin, his uncle, and one or two others standing near, courteously went forward, so we were left together alone on the after part of deck; then, as she sat down again, I fell upon my knees, and put my arms about her.

"Mr. Pellew bade me say that, years ago, in a hasty impulse or anger—just anger, he owns—you forsook him to marry a good man, a better man—he confesses that, too—than he is. Now he sees you leagued with a bad man, and he implores you, by the memory of his and your early love, not to forsake him a second time for such a man as this—not to put your life and peace into his evil hands, until at least you have heard what he has to tell you. Madeline, he has things to say that will alter your whole life—those were his very words. I cannot utter them with the earnest strength with which he spoke them, but I can and do say, that if you will not listen, your repentence will be bitter indeed. I can and do say that he is your truest and best friend, and but for a terrible duty that has fallen on him, he would be here now, pleading with you for your life in my stead."

I ceased, with flushed cheeks, and arms clinging to her lovingly, for since I had seen Alfred safe and well, I had forgiven her all the past. She looked at me with worn, despairing eyes, tearless and haggard.

"I can never be anything more to Maurice than a dream," she said. "I am unworthy of a single thought of his. He would despise me if he knew the truth, and all his love would turn to contempt. As for the duke, he has stepped in at the turning point in my life, and done me a service by which he has bought me. That is the truth. Alice, you have seen your brother?"

"Yes, yes," I answered; "and Lady Crehylls, and father's wicked, cheating letter. Madeline, listen to Mr. Pellew, I entreat you."

"Tell me all that happened at Penkivel," she interposed, feverishly, "that is what I wish to hear."

Unwilling and hurriedly I told it; then I urged her again not to throw away life and happiness in this hasty, wicked way. I implored her not to give me the anguish of feeling that I had failed in my mission. I besought her not to inflict such sharp agony upon a heart that loved her, because he was not here to plead to her himself.

"But the duke has bought me," she reiterated wearily. "And I am worthy of him, and he of me; we are plotters, schemers, liars both. Alice, Alice, urge me no more! I would rather die than put my hand in Maurice Pellew's."

"If you only knew on what duty he deferred his search for you," I cried, passionately, "you would not let me lose his cause. How could he guess that you had promised to marry your mad lover this very night?"

"So you know it," said Madeline, rising. "Let us go, Alice. Why should I linger any longer to fulfil my promise? The greatest wrong I could do to Maurice would be to listen to the pleadings of my own heart, or of his. I am not so lost as that. I should be a wretch if I let him take such a wife as I should be, Alice; I shall be happier, even with the duke de Briancourt, than I could ever hope to be with him."

"But why marry him to-night, and at that dismal place, St. Eglon's Hut?" I cried, in angry impatience.

"I chose the spot myself," she said. "There, where my life's miseries began—there, where a great injustice and wrong was done to me, let me consummate my sorrows, and pay the price with which I have bought justice. Alice, now that Lady Crehylls has seen your brother, no one henceforth will make her believe that Alfred Singleton is her lost boy. Martin, where is the boat? I am ready."

She turned from me so resolutely that I uttered not another word.

For an instant I hesitated. "Shall I tell her now?" I said, and I put my hand upon the book in my bosom, but the strange place, the rough faces all around, deterred me. I would defer this terrible revelation till we were alone. Here, before so many witnesses, it would be cruel to speak. Even when rowing back with Martin I felt I should not dare breathe in her ear so dreadful a secret.

Thus my sole trust now lay in the hope that Maurice Pellew, following the instinct which told him Madeline would go to St. Eglon's Hut, had already reached that ill-omened place, and we should meet him when we landed. Then I counted the hours it would require to travel from Exeter, and the hours needed to fulfil the dismal duty laid upon him there, and I came to the conclusion, that unless he had turned aside to pursue Whalley, he might certainly be even now at St. Eglon's. In this thought I was content to be silent, while Madeline crossed the deck and addressed the tall man with the gray-white face with whom I had first seen her conversing.

"Michael Polgrain," she said, sorrowfully, "your sympathies have ever been with the wrong doer, not with me, not with him whom your silence slew; but on this night, when I bid you farewell forever, I wish to say that you have my forgiveness. Yes, I forgive you, although the misery to which I am henceforth sold is the fruit of that blight which was laid upon my life by your cruel silence, when you let my father die for your foster-brother's sin. I forgive you, because the agony of a great remorse lies as darkly on my soul now as it has done on yours through all your sad life."

Her hand, which she had half extended towards him, dropped by her side untouched, for at this instant a voice rose out of the sea, at the sound of which Michael started from us, and rushing to the ship's side, he looked down into the waves with a face of ashy whiteness.

The water round about the Penkivel was in deep darkness now, for she no longer lay in the glistening silver of the moon's path. The shining crescent was fast sinking behind the great hills, which stood about the bay; and their sombre shadows, flung far across the water, trembled darkly on the waves. In this darkness, a little boat was dimly visible, lying close by the tall hull of the Penkivel, and the voice arising from it cried shrilly:

"I hear this ship is going to France. I'll give the captain twenty pounds for a passage in her."

"Is that you, Uncle Giles?" cried Martin.

"It's me rowing," answered the old man; "but I don't want no passage to France—my travels be nearly over I reckon—'tis this gentleman here—a stranger, who will thank 'ee and pay 'ee well, too, ef you'll take un."

"Go 'long home, Uncle Giles," bawled Martin, "there's no berth here for strangers."

"Where's the captain?" cried the eager voice again as a figure started up in the boat. "Fifty pounds, captain!—I'll give fifty pounds for a passage to France."

"Take him on board!" said the deep voice of Michael Polgrain.

"Throw him a rope!" cried Martin.

"All right!" answered the old fisherman, as with dexterous hands he caught the rope flung to him, and his little boat was drawn in close to the Penkivel's side.

"What's uncle about?" muttered Martin. "We don't want any land lubbers here. Give a hand to the fellow, and help him aboard, can't ye?" he said to one of the crew.

"It is Whalley!" whispered Madeline, in an amazed voice, to me.

It was indeed the schoolmaster, and, remembering what I had seen in his house, I turned cold with horror, as his sharp, thin face rose over the ship's side.

"Good night!" cried the fisherman as he rowed away.

When his boat was clear of the ship, and the sound of the oars came faintly over the dark water, Michael Polgrain, who had been watching its course, turned quickly, and walked up close to his new passenger. Then with a sudden grip he seized him by the throat, and flung him on the deck.

"Mathew Carbis!—liar and murderer!" he cried. "Have I got you in my hands at last?"

As these words rang in our ears, Madeline uttered a wild shriek and fell upon her knees, clinging to me convulsively with both arms. And thus she was borne onwards, as I and many of the crew rushed forwards to look on the villian lying writhing in Michael's grasp.

"See here, sons," he said, huskily, looking up at the eager faces pressed around him, "here lies the villain who for twenty-two years has stolen from me the light of the blessed sun. Here lies a murderer, who, simulating death, fled safely in the dress his victim wore, while honest men died for him, or living, suffered a tide of shame, anguish, and remorse unknown to his dastard heart. Put him in irons quickly, or I shall kill him as he lies at my feet, like a writhing snake."

The disgust with which Michael Polgrain

spurned him with his foot and then strode away from the wretch, as the sailors ironed him, was so strong and terrible that it shook his tall frame like a reed.

"Mathew Carbis!" said Madeline, in a dreadful whisper. "No, it cannot be,—he is dead—he was murdered in the wood of Crehylls."

"Oh blind, blind!" cried Michael; "blinder than I who have not seen the sun for twenty summers. Come and look upon the truth at last."

"Hold the lantern lower," said Michael. The sailors obeyed, and the light fell upon the haggard, livid face, on every line of which his crime seemed written legibly. To look upon that face, and doubt that he was Mathew Carbis, or deny that he was the doubled dyed traitor and coward that Michael named him was impossible. With hands wrung together, and eyes piteous in their fear and pain, Madeline saw the truth, and, shivering, turned away in silence.

"Soas," said Michael, in an earnest voice, calling the crew around him by a gesture of his hand, "ef any of you still doubt my word, that this man lying here is the man MatLew Carbis, long thought to be dead and buried, let him read this letter. It was writ and sent to me by an honest gentleman, upon whose life no lie ever rested. Friends, I am no scholard. I know the signs of the sea and of the sky, and even on the land I'd find my way by the stars alone, but books and writings are blank things to me. I have had to use another's eyes to tell me the words of this; but if there's one among you a scholard, let him stand up and read the letter out to his comrades."

"The young lady,—ask the young lady!" cried many voices.

I turned to Madeline, but she saw the writing was Maurice Pellew's, and her trembling lips refused to utter a word. Then I took the letter from Michael's hand, and read it out, nearly as follows:

"By the confession of his cousin, Richard Rathline, who has betrayed him at last, I know that Mathew Carbis is alive. For the sake of the jewels and watches in his pack, he murdered a hawker named Nathaniel Strangways, and by a series of devilish artifices, which I need not detail, the world was deceived into taking this man's body for that of his slayer. He had himself—as you too well know, Michael—been struck down in the wood that day by a blow from a young impulsive hand, and from the temporary insensibility caused by this, he was recovered by his unhappy friend, Walter Sherborne. Doubtless, it was thus that gentleman's cost became bloodsta ined. To him also he gave a garbled history of his rencontre with Lord Crehylls. But I abstain from further details. Enough that the villain has escaped for years, and I fear he may even again escape. Look out for him, Michael. There is a tendency in such creatures to return to the scene of their crimes. Moreover, not daring to travel in any public stage, or packet boat, he will be more likely to seek to hide in lonely, inaccessible places. Bear in mind that he calls himself at present Whalley, and by dint of arduous deception and caution he has gained for himself and his establishment a character of respectability. What this whited sepulchre may hold within it, I go down not to see."

As I slowly read this letter through, as he heard that his cousin—who doubtless, on finding the knapsack at Bristol, had guessed the truth, and forced the confession of it from him—had at last betrayed him, the wretched Carbis lost his hold on hope, and sunk down into sullen apathy. Yet he made one effort more.

"I am not Whalley. My name was never Whalley," he said, in a hard voice.

"Who can identify him?" asked Michael.

Then Madeline lifted her face from her hands, and looked at him with a momentary shrinking glance.

"I can," she answered. "I recognize in him the schoolmaster Whalley, who came to my house in London when the child Alfred Singleton was lost. Oh Alice! my heart is broken!"

All through the ship rang her terrible cry, and then as though this utterance of her misery had somewhat relieved her, she sank into silence, and stood quiet, calm and impassive.

"Comrades," said Michael in that slow solemn voice of his, "are you satisfied that this is the man?" Then every one of the crew held up his hand in assent.

"That lady," continued Michael—"she is Walter Sherborne's daughter—has told you she recognizes him as Whalley; I tell you, I recognize him as Mathew Carbis. I knew his evil face again, the moment I set my eyes upon it. Soas, when the sun is taken from a man, he does not easily forget the last thing he saw in sunshine. That murderer's face, as it lay upon the sward, when my young foster brother hit him down, was the last sight I ever saw with the sun shining on it, in the wood of Crehylls. Am I likely to forget it, comrades?"

"No! no! he is the man!" cried every voice.

"Moreover," said Michael, "when he came down to these parts months ago, searching for the child, whom his cruelty had driven out into the woods, I saw him and knew him; and in my blindness I fancied he was come to haunt me from another world. I tell you this lest you should think Mr. Pellew's letter alone made me see in his face the face of Matthew Carbis."

"Say no more, cap'en! cried the men." "Cain himself hadn't got the mark one bit the plainer on his brow than this man have."

There was a momentary silence, then Michael's voice fell upon the ear again, solemn and slow.

"Comrades, since you are sartain the man is Matthew Carbis, I ask you what we shall do with him?"

Silence again, then whispers ran to and fro among the crew, and lastly an old man came forward as spokesman.

"I reckon, cap'en," he said, "we be all men ourselves living outside the laws, and there ed'nt waun of us willin to risk his liberty for the sake of puttin' this man in jail. It ed'nt fitty honest men should suffer for such as he."

"You speak truly," answered Michael; "but if we let 'un escape it will be a shame to us."

"Then let ut hang 'un onrselves," said a young sailor.

The proposition was a startling one; but it evidently met with consideration, both from the crew and captain.

"Friends," observed Michael, "if we go into port the Penkivel and her cargo will be seized. Now shall I rob all of you who have got a venture in this freight? and shall I rob him (never mind his name) who trusted me with hundreds of pounds to buy the cargo? Shall I rob him and you, I say, and put fathers of families in jail, and let our brave ship be seized and broke up? Think of it well. That is the cost we must pay if we run into port, for the sake of giving up this Mathew Carbis to the laws."

"We won't do it," cried the men. "Let's hang 'un at waunce."

They crowded round the wretched villain and seized him roughly. I will not depict his abject terror, or repeat his abject cries for mercy and his frantic appeals for help, which rang uselessly across the sea.

"Stop!" cried Michael; "I won't see even a viper hanged without a trial. If three men will volunteer, I'll make tha fourth, and take 'un ashore in tha boat."

"Cap'en," said the old man again, "ef it was to do some brave deed, et ed'nt three men would volunteer, but every man among us would start up eager to lose his life at a word from you; but to carry thic villun ashore es to risk a prison, and the loss of sal we have aboard. And I, for waun, won't lay my head on the same jail weth Mathew Carbis. I don't sot tha vally of his his wicked life agin the smallest keg of sperrits en tha hold of tha Penkivel. But as for a trial, we are sal agreed to give 'un as fair a trial as arra judge and jury on tha land."

There was a murmur of assent from all the crew, at sound of which a gleam of satisfaction shone on Michael Polgrain's gray face.

"Comrades, you are right," he cried; "but I reckoned it just to argue the matter out with ee sal. I'll never rob my employers, and the owners of the ship and cargo, for such as Mathew Carbis."

Then, with a sudden change in his look and manner he turned round to Madeline and me.

"If you wish to go ashore," he said. "Martin can take you in the same boat in which you came."

"No, no," exclaimed Madeline; "I cannot land at St. Eglon's Hut. Anywhere else you please, but not there."

She seemed terror-struck at the thought, equally afraid, I fancied, to see Mr. Pellew or the Duke de Briancourt.

Michael did not argue the point with her, or urge us to land, perhaps he was afraid to keep his nephew with him, or maybe his present duties absorbed his mind, for he began instantly to issue commands to the crew.

"Weigh anchor!" he cried, in a loud voice.

When this was done, all sails were set, and the Penkivel, like a bird, flew out to sea.

* * * * *

Through the long, long hours, while the ship, with all her white wings spread, went gallantly, steadily westwards, no sound except the tread of feet on deck broke the silence of the cabin, where Madeline and I watched and wondered. She had flung herself upon a couch and lay there motionless, her face hidden in her arms. Whatever the horror on her soul might be, it was speechless; whatever agony of remorse for some wrong done, she uttered no word of weakness, or of grief. Silently the great battle in her heart went on, and seeing dimly, it was sharper and fiercer than any warfare my spirit would ever know, I resolved not to vex her with false words, or give her the barren comfort which my shallower soul could offer. She would struggle onwards herself to the light, and my help would only encumber her broken spirit; for I did not forget that in looking on my face, she saw the daughter of Richard Rathline—the man who had duped and cheated her for years, and my voice could scarcely be pleasant in her ears. My reckless, wicked father had all along known the facts of this sad history, and though twice he might have tried to sell the truth to Lord Crehylls, yet he had held it back because he had found the lie pay better with Madeline. As I remembered this, my cheeks burnt with shame for the parentage I had, but thinking suddenly of my dear good brother, tears fell softly on the shame, and I was comforted.

Thus we two were very silent in the cabin; and knowing there was yet another great and terrible sorrow unspoken, but ready to fall I prayed that before Madeline heard it she might sleep; and while praying being very weary, this being the second night in which I had had but little rest, I fell quietly asleep myself.

* * * * *

A sudden swing of the ship awoke me, and I saw Michael Polgrain standing looking upon me gloomily. Then Madeline started to her feet and came toward him hastily.

"Stop this, I implore you!" she cried. "I have had enough and too much of wild justice." But Michael shook his head.

"It is borne in on me that it must be carried through," he said, "though the end to me may be bitter. But I have tried to save the men from being tried by English law for this deed. We are out of English waters now, and the American flag is flying at the masthead. Oh, miss, you slept on a good resting-place. What does the Word say, lying there beneath your head?"

It was the vision of Ezekiel, and I read out—And "the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels; and when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them. And they had the hands of a man under their wings." * * And "they went every one straight forward; whither the spirit was to go they went: they turned not."

The pale face of Michael Polgrain was lighted up now with a strange enthusiasm, and I saw with sorrow that if his had needed anything to confirm his purpose he had found it in this.

"It may be," he said earnestly, "that things look to us like a blind fate; but the wheels of Chance and Time have a living spirit in them, and there is a man's hand beneath their wings guiding them as they go. And mark, miss, how they go straight on: they never turn. They must go where the spirit wills, those great, fiery, crushing wheels of fate. Would you have me setting myself up against them? I know I am only a poor man, and no scholard, and you may think I am reading the vision wrong. Can you give me a better meaning to them, miss?" he asked, and a troubled look came into his eye as he spoke.

Alas, I could not. I was too ignorant, too unlearned, even to speak. Madeline, too, with a new pain upon her face was dumb.

"They never turn," repeated Michael: "and who am I that I should seek to turn the course of them that never turn? If I did, I should fall crushed beneath the fate from which I run. Why was the murderer brought on board my ship, if it was not for this? And how do we know it is not for good? Isn't there something said further on about a wheel being set in the midst of a wheel?"

I answered falteringly, "Yes;" and then Michael beckoning us to follow, left the cabin.

The "Penkivel" was lying to against the wind, most of her sails furled, and the ship wonderfully steady, the sea being still calm. On the main deck, whither we followed Michael, we found, sitting solemnly, the strange, wild judge and jury, with their prisoner, Mathew Carbis before them.

Michael Polgrain was a witness, and gave his evidence with deep emotion, though he touched but for an instant on his long remorse, and the exile of his foster-brother. Then he stood aside for others to speak And I wondered as I saw two men come forward and swear to facts respecting Mathew Carbis. One was the old man who had been spokesman for the crew, the other was a man of forty-five, who recognized the very watch the murderer wore, as belonging to Nathaniel Strangways.

"I was a young farmer then," he said, "and I had just come into a little money, which I spent as hard and as fast as I could. I bought this watch of the hawker, and wore it for a week, then I tired of it, and swopped it for another, paying him for the change In the week I had it, I made a mark upon it, which I should know anywhere."

As he spoke, he opened the watch, and showed us on the gold of the inner case a curious circle, well marked.

"Is it a wheel?" said Michael, looking at it.

"I meant it for the sun," replied the man; "and I needn't be shamed to tell ee how it was. My sweetheart's name was Phœbe, and I had heard say that Phœbus meant the sun. And I reckon, comrades, up round my father's house you'd find many a tree with this same mark upon it that you see there 'pon the peddler's watch."

Then the old man came forward.

"Twenty-two years agone," he said, "I was a thatcher, and I knowed Maister Sherborne, and Mathew Carbis, and Nat Strangways well. And though, when this man coomed aboard in the darkness, I didn't seem to know his face, yet, with the light on him, it came back to my mind like a pictur—the saame fasce, only young and handsome—and I said, that's Mathew Carbis. And now comrades, I've a whist story to tell ee. You've heerd how I went up to 'sizes to speak agin Mr. Sherborne, and I wondered he never said a good word for his own self, good or bad, out I wondered more when I saw him waunce laugh out loud. That was when they were tellin' that Mathew Carbis had no shoes upon his feet when he was washed ashore, and the gentlemen said, 'twas no doubt the rough tide and the storm that took them off, they being big for him. Then Mr. Sherborne laughed. The Spring arter this I was in the wood at Crehylls, when a great adder hissed at me from a thicket, and I sprang on 'pon the oogly thing and killed it, I ded. And when I turned et ovvar weth my foot I seed a goulden ring lying on tha grass, and then stirring the weeds about I found another and another. 'Here's a treasure,' I says, "and I'll dig for et.' Comrades, I marked the spot, and I fetched a spade, and comed there afore sunrise, and diggin', I found a pair of shoes—Mathew Carbis's shoes. I knowed 'em in a minute, for tha buckles were made in a queer fashion, smaller than tha ould gentry wore round our way. Then I took tha shoes en my hand, and it flashed over me sudden as lightning, that the dead man found in the rever could never have wore tha shoes 'pon his feet. They were too small. But I was a poor man, and I thought 'twas better to keep a quiet tongue than speak and lose the gould I'd found. But tha rings, which for sartain fell out of Nat Strangways' pack, never ded me no good. As for tha shoes, I buried 'em again; but here's tha buckles now en this leather purse." And so saying, he laid them on the deck.

"Miss Sherborne," said Michael, "do you wish to speak?"

"My mother!" faltered Madeline. "Let me ask him if my mother lives?"

But as she came forward a step or two the wretch Carbis, turned his face away.

"I won't see Walter Sherborne's daughter!" he shrieked in a shrill voice. "Don't let her speak to me."

Then I stood up, and in a low tone, growing in courage as I went on, I spoke first of the knapsack so long in father's possession, and how Mr. Pellew had shown it to me in the chaise, and I had read Nathaniel Strangways' name upon it. But before I went on further in my tale—before I touched by a single word on the dreadful sorrow and death I had seen in Whalley's house—I drew near to Madeline and put my arms about her softly. Then I told it. And lastly, weeping bitterly—for all my courage fled at sight of her great agony—I took the little book from my bosom and put it in her hands. "With this kiss," I said—"your mother's kiss—the last her lips ever gave."

As I touched her ice-cold cheek, the horror on Madeline's marble face dropped like some terrible mask she had flung away, and in its place there came a flood of anguish and warm tears, bringing her back to life. Clasping her arms about me, she kissed me wildly, crying I had touched her mother's lips with mine, I had seen her die, I had comforted her, and henceforth I was dear to her for ever. But as she spoke, her wonderful strength for the first time failed her; her eyes falling on the evil face of that traitor, who stood there trembling, she put her hands before them with a sudden shriek and fell down at my feet.

She was carried to the little cabin as tenderly as though she were a child, and laid upon the bed. And here, as I sat by her, Martin brought me the sentence they had passed on Mathew Carbis.

Death, with one hour's time for confession and prayer.

* * * * *

I pass over his prayers, and cries, and attempts to bribe the men with offers of the large sum he had concealed about him—I pass over, too, his threats, to come to this, that half an hour before the time, he called for pen and paper, and wrote down his guilt, doing it even in a scholarly way, with pride of penmanship. They brought it to me to read; but I laid it by, to close the door and shut out every dreadful sound that reached us from the deck. Nevertheless, when a weight of minutes had gone by like heavy hours throbbing on our hearts, there fell upon our ears the dreary, dull sound of a blow upon the waves; and then we knew that Mathew Carbis was dead, and buried in the sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The winter fan is becoming a piece of furniture. The latest has a knob handle, which holds powder and puff. Under one of the side staves is concealed a mirror and under the other a scent tube and pocket comb. One of the actresses on a Parisian stage, who had had the honor of an encore, reappeared with a fan stuck in her back hair instead of a high Spanish comb. The others are Japanese fans, made like screens and used as such.

Pope Leo XIII. has ordered the private chamberlains of the Vatican to leave off the picturesque costumes of the sixteenth century, and to adopt one more modern.

"GOODBYE."

BY G. J. WHITE MELVILLE.

Falling leaf and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me—
The swallows are making them ready to fly
Goodbye, summer! Goodbye!
Goodbye!

Hush! A voice from the far-away—
"Listen, and learn," it seems to say,
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day."
The cord is frayed and the cruse is dry,
The link must break and the lamp must die.
Goodbye, Hope! Goodbye!
Goodbye!

What are we waiting for? Oh! my heart,
Kiss me straight on the brows, and part!
Again, again! My heart, my heart!
What are we waiting for, you and I?
A pleading look—a stifled cry,
Goodbye, forever! Goodbye!
Goodbye!

The True Heir.

BY VIVIENNE.

A LARGE, handsome house called Clovernook had come into Mrs. Radnor's possession at the death of her husband. She only held it in trust, however. Somewhere in the world wandered the true lord and master of Clovernook, a distant relative of the deceased Mark Radnor. He had not been heard from for several years, however.

"But what will you do when Edward Radnor claims his inheritance?" her friends would ask.

To which she always laughingly replied: "Marry him, of course. I am much too fond of Clovernook ever to leave it."

This threatening June night, when all the windows blazed in such cheerful contrast to the gloom without, a man strode up the shadow haunted avenue, and climbing the steps, knocked loudly on the oaken door.

In an instant a pack of dogs surrounded him. Issuing from hidden dens, they tore up the steps like infuriated fiends.

The man shook the door vehemently. The next instant a key turned in the lock, and he felt himself dragged forcibly across the threshold.

"Were you all asleep?" he gasped. "Another moment and those brutes would have torn me from limb to limb."

"I believe they would," unconcernedly returned the servant who had let him in—a stalwart, handsome man of some thirty years, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a face much too high bred for his station.

Just then came a rustle of silk. Mrs. Radnor looked over the balustrade and saw the stranger.

She came swiftly down the stairs, her beautiful face quite pale.

"Enter here, sir," she said, throwing open the library door. "You must have been dreadfully frightened."

"Yes, madam, I was,"

The man paused under the chandelier, and glanced quickly round the room. It was a very large apartment, book cases filling the corners, and family portraits hanging on the walls.

He smiled to see how blonde hair predominated among the men; his own hair was blonde.

"Now, sir, what brings you here?" Mrs. Radnor inquired, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon his face.

"I came to claim my own, madam."

"Your own, man Why, who are you?"

"Edward Radnor," the stranger answered, with a quiet smile.

Mrs. Radnor uttered a startled cry.

"I knew it—I knew it," she said. "Somehow I felt that you were the missing heir the moment I saw you. Welcome home!"

She leaned towards him, and stretched out both hands in her eagerness, genuinely glad that he had returned at last.

Someone came between them before the stranger had even touched her finger-tips. It was James, her own servant.

His face was white and stern.

"Don't believe a word the villain says," he exclaimed. "He is an impostor. I can prove him such. The wretch wishes to take advantage of your credulity, my lady. He has heard of the missing heir, and your desire to find him. But he is not Edward Radnor."

"Hush, James!" said his mistress haughtily. "You forget yourself."

Then turning to the stranger she added, in her sweetest tones:

"I am open to conviction, sir. Edward would not come without some proof of his identity. What have you to offer?"

The man crossed the room and stood under one of the portraits that hung upon the wall.

"Look at that face, then on mine," he said.

Mrs. Radnor did so, the color coming and going in her cheeks the while.

"They are wonderfully like," she said. "I am satisfied. James, conduct this gentleman to the guest chamber. He is your master."

"Nay, never master of mine," muttered James, as, after a moment's hesitation, he led the way up the grand staircase to one of the rooms above.

"Sleep well, this is the only night you will ever spend at Clovernook," he said on leaving the stranger alone in the sumptuous chamber over the drawing-room. "To-morrow I shall fully expose you."

"If you can!" sneered Edward, darting a keen glance like lightning from underneath his long-lashed lids.

The next day after Edward and Mrs. Radnor had breakfasted alone in the great dining-hall, and wandered about the terrace for an hour or more, James, who was on nettles all the while, walked boldly to the boudoir whither his mistress had retired, and knocked for admittance.

"Send for this stranger, the upstart adventurer," he said, his air that of a prince; "I wish to expose him here in your presence."

The man's audacity nearly struck Mrs. Radnor dumb. She rose with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

"I will send, since you request it," she said.

She pulled the bell-rope, and three minutes later the man whose claims were to be disputed was ushered into the apartment.

"Am I wanted?" he coolly inquired.

Mrs. Radnor nodded, and pointed contemptuously at her servant.

"This fellow claims to have something to communicate that deeply concerns you."

"Let him speak, then"—lifting his handsome shoulders with an expressive shrug.

"What I have to say can be told in a very few words," said James. "Yonder adventurer cannot be Edward Radnor for the very good reason that I am he."

"You!" gasped Mrs. Radnor. "You are beside yourself."

"Nay, I am the true heir of Clovernook. It was a whim of mine to come here as a servant."

"This seems incredible."

"Decidedly so," sneered Edward. "Here are two certificates—one the marriage of my parents, the other of my birth and baptism."

Mrs. Radnor took the papers he offered. They were all they claimed to be.

As James' gaze fell upon them a look of surprise and terror swept over his face.

"Good Heaven!" he gasped. "I have been robbed!"

"Robbed?" echoed his mistress.

"Those papers are mine; the proofs of my identity. They were stolen from my room while I slept. Don't suffer yourself to be misled by the villain's cunning."

Mrs. Radnor turned haughtily away.

"Not another word," she said. "Go!"

He could do no less than obey. As he went out with slow, reluctant steps he had the misery of seeing his rival clasp Mrs. Radnor's hand and raise it to his lips.

Two days went by.

James had been dismissed from the service of his mistress.

He was nearly crazed with the dread that the woman he loved might fall a victim to the adventurer that sought her favor.

The next day Mrs. Radnor was sitting alone in the drawing-room, when a servant appeared and said:

"My lady, here's a strange young woman who wants to see you."

Mrs. Radnor looked surprised as her glance fell upon the person in question. She was scarcely past girlhood.

"Forgive me for troubling you, madam," the stranger said. "I want my husband?"

"Your husband? Who is he?" asked Mrs. Radnor.

"His name is William Ball, and mine is Mary. He heard the heir of Clovernook was missing, and laid a plot to deceive you, and get possession of the inheritance. He has a strong resemblance to the Radnors, and that is what put the idea into his head."

"God bless you child! You are just in time."

Glancing from the window she saw her two suitors approaching the house from different directions.

Pointing them out she asked:

"Which is your husband?"

"There he is," answered Mary, pointing to the stranger.

"Thank Heaven!" Mrs. Radnor exclaimed.

She waited until the gentlemen came nearer, then took Mary out to meet them.

"Here is your wife, Mr. Ball," she said. "Take her home and see that you are kind to her."

Then turning to James she said:

"Can you ever forgive my harshness and injustice to you?"

Something in her face and voice made him very bold all at once.

His arm glided round her waist, and drawing her close to his heart he said:

"I believe you do love me after all."

"Yes," she answered, smiling into his eyes. "I always intended to give my heart to the true heir of Clovernook, and now I have found him."

It is expected that the Sultan's plate, which was sent to the mint, will realize one hundred thousand pounds.

It is estimated that the pine lumber supply of Minnesota, taking the cut of the last few years as a standard, will last at least fifty years, without taking into account the small and growing trees.

The Wounded Hand.

BY NARISSA ROSAVO.

ON the 22d of May, 1875, I stood in our office, behind my desk, when our chief entered the room with a letter in his hand, and addressed me with an invitation to undertake the unraveling of a mystery which had baffled the local police at T. I consented, and departed for the scene of the crime which had been committed, much limited, however, as to the time I was allowed for spending on the case.

Two hundred and fifty-five thousand marks had been stolen from the widow of a well-connected man named Friedow. Her villa stood outside the gates of a small town, and the lost property consisted chiefly in coupons and such value, together with a little coin. Her habit was to keep all papers of importance, as well as money, in a chest of drawers beside her bed. Her sleeping room was situated on the first floor, and had but one window, which looked out upon the yard.

On the night of the 7th of May the poor lady was suddenly awakened about twelve o'clock. Her room was illuminated. Before her bed stood a small thin man, with a lantern in his left hand and a hatchet in his right.

In a rough, disguised voice he threatened to knock out her brains if she so much as ventured to utter a sound. The unfortunate Frau was already voiceless from alarm. This speech could scarcely make her more quiet, but she could use her eyes, and did so for the next few seconds while her visitors remained with her. She saw that the speaker wore black hose, a blue blouse, and a mask; and that two more men were busy in the background, breaking open her chest of drawers. In the farthest back division, covered over with stockings, yarn, and flax, lay a round tin case, in which she kept her movable treasures. She was just recovering herself sufficiently to begin thinking about the risking her life by calling for help when smothered yelling of a dog was heard without. The thieves had found what they wanted, however, and sprang with it to the window, one sash of which was open. They threw themselves upon a ladder without and descended to the ground, while the third man still kept guard beside the bed. Frau Friedow cried "Help! help!" with all her might. "You may scream as long as you like now," he muttered, turning away, and following the others from the room.

Frederick, her servant, appeared at this instant, having been awakened by the noise. He found the ladder still in its place, and was just in time to save the life of the house dog, which had been almost choked by a cord twisted round his neck fastening him to his kennel. The man servant roused the neighbors, but all pursuit, then or later, by friends privately, or by the police publicly, had been in vain. Not the least clew had been obtained as to the identity of the daring housebreakers.

One thing seemed alone certain amid the maze of perplexity; the housebreakers must be sought from amongst the neighbors, servants and relatives. Now the neighbor theory, upon investigation, seemed utterly futile, and one glance at old Frederick was enough to dismiss all thoughts connected with the second term in the list. There remained the friends and relatives in the habit of visiting at the villa

On the fourth day of my residence at T, I went again to the villa, where the widow greeted with me eyes full of expectation. "Frau Friedow," I said, "has nothing struck you about those men you saw in your room more than you have already mentioned? One remembers things on due consideration which have been often overlooked before. Did you notice no peculiarity about any of the scoundrels; in the voice, for instance, the way of standing, the hands of him who held the axe? Did he look rough, like the others?"

"There was one little thing I may not have told before," she replied slowly. "It was scarce worth telling. When the two fellows ran off down the ladder with my little case, the window slapped down as they disappeared. The third man pushed it up again to go after them, but in so doing I think he must have put his hand through the broken pane, and have hurt it with the glass, in his haste. I most certainly heard him mutter to himself, as if he were in distress."

"Was there no trace of blood left?" I asked, anxiously.

"None whatever."

I began my investigations anew, and this time with the doctor of the district. We got into a lively dissertation upon wounded hands, and in particular upon hurts inflicted by glass. By degrees I acquired the very interesting fact that some three weeks since, when the medico was riding home to breakfast after an early call, a strange man had suddenly appeared in the middle of the highway, and had implored his help. He complained of having fallen upon a heap of broken glass, and held out his right hand to exhibit its condition. The doctor took out his pocket case of instruments, and extracted five splinters from the inflamed palm. While he did so the patient whimpered like a woman.

"How was the fellow dressed?" I cried, breathlessly.

"A blue blouse and black underclothes, so far as I can recall."

"Could you identify him again?" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps. But what makes this matter interesting to you?"

"I believe your complaining patient to be the principal in the late robbery, concerning which I have come down here," I replied in a low voice. "Can you give me any idea as to what became of the man, after you were done with him?"

The doctor looked at me in amazement. "I think he went towards Ems," he replied.

I lost no time in going in the same direction. I was upon his track now.

But I had soon to cry "lost!" It was a grevious disappointment. Beyond Ems the clue was nowhere to be followed. I labored in vain in this neighborhood for days.

Nine days had gone by since I had come to T. I turned into a beer garden of the town one evening, and sat down near a well lighted bowling alley, in which about ten gentlemen were busy at a game. I paid little attention to the players. Suddenly an ill-thrown ball rolled almost down to my feet.

"A miss—a miss," shouted several voices together, while one cried: "Why Bottcher, is your hand not even yet recovered? You are not complaining of it still?" I felt like a huntsman in a forest who sees the game at his gun's end. I was on the alert that second. I soon found out Herr Bottcher's antecedents. He was a merchant, and a continual guest at this place of entertainment. I brought the doctor here next evening, and set him to work stealthily considering my game. My discomfiture was great when he flatly refused to identify Herr Bottcher and his patient as one and the same person. They might be, he confessed: but then —— they might not.

I, meantime, was as busy as ever, but it was little I discovered. I could hear of no particular difficulty into which he had fallen of late: although I did learn that he had, three weeks since, made a hasty journey. One little fact, however, seemed to me of great worth. Herr Bottcher these times slept badly, and was wont to rise often by night, and pace up and down through the garden.

I lay lurking for two entire nights under bushes in this same plot; I fell into greater despair than before. If I only had sufficient ground to demand a search through the rascal's house? but I had not. I decided as the last alternative, on a desperate resolve.

Twelve gentlemen sat in the town club room. My friend made one of them. To his great surprise I sat down close to him, and began to talk a little. I bent over to Bottcher now, and whispered that I had a weighty matter to talk over with him.

"What may it be?" he enquired, calmly.

"I have been sent here on detective business, by the Prussian Police Office." Herr Bottcher took this revelation significantly.

"How does that concern me, pray, good sir?"

"You have heard of a widow Friedow, from whom a large sum of money had been stolen. You, I know, are related to her, and concerned in her property."

"And you will arrest me, I suppose?" he gasped angrily.

"How can you talk so!" I exclaimed, angrily. "I only mean you must help me bring the criminal to justice"

"With all the pleasure in life," he replied. "But—what is it you want with me?"

"Early to-morrow I will come to you to consult over the matter, and we can decide on our proceedings."

I rose now, and broke off our conversation, and departed, having shaken Bottcher by the hand. I went stealthily to his house and waited. I had been here but a quarter of an hour when a trap dashed up to the door. Bottcher sprang out of it, went inside for a few minutes, and then reappeared carrying something under his left arm. As he got upon one side of the vehicle, I jumped upon the other, and seized hold of my game. He made not the least resistance.

"Are those Frau Friedow's papers you have under your arm?" I inquired.

"Yes, they are," he replied.

I made the coachman take us where I could put the robber in safe keeping.

When a man is suddenly discovered in a crime he is sure to commit some piece of folly. I had reckoned upon this, and was not out in so doing. My game had literally walked into my hand, and I felt rewarded at last for all my trouble and disappointing delays.

Bottcher was sentenced to six years in the House of Correction. His coadjutors were not caught.

There is living in Madisonville, Ky., an old German, who has in his possession a pair of trowsers made in Germany in the year 1836. He has been married in them four times, and is very anxious to use them the fifth time.

PHILOSOPHY.

BY L. C.

Why does the bud that is near to its breaking
Wake sweeter smiles than the fully-blown rose?
Why does the dream on the verge of awaking
Stir deeper truths than a deeper repose?

Why does the love that is broken with parting
Lift itself higher by the fulness of pain?
Why is the incomplete rapture of starting
Close on completion we never attain?

Why? For a boundless unsatisfied longing
Lies deepest down in the warm human heart
Ever with this are the sympathies thronging,
Ever by this do the heaven-flowers start.

Grow with our spring, we can follow you wholly
Only as far as its instincts are sent;
Summer's a fact that is hidden and holy,
We have not seen it, we are not content.

My Model.

BY F. F. MOORE.

CAN any one not a painter imagine the feelings of a painter who suddenly has the ardent longing of his life gratified—who sees before his face the blue waters of the Adriatic—who feels above him—he certainly does feel it—the blue sky of Italy?

Unless one has been dreaming of and longing for all these things in vain, their enchantment, when experienced for the first time, can never be understood; and consequently my feelings on finding myself in Venice one autumn long ago cannot be comprehended.

I had wandered into a quarter of the city in which I had never been before, and was just making up my mind to begin and complete a picture that should be a lasting memorial of my visit to this city of palaces, when I heard the ringing of a church bell in the neighborhood.

Having nothing better to do I entered the church, and retired behind one of the pillars to watch the effect of the service and of the dim streaks of sunlight upon the twenty or thirty worshippers that it contained.

After a time I was thinking that perhaps I had remained long enough, when I heard a soft footfall on the flags about the porch. I glanced round and saw the figure of a woman who had just entered.

I noticed her give a hurried and almost frightened look about the church; then, instead of joining any of the groups near the altar, she hastened to where she seemed to know there was a small carved crucifix in a niche of the wall far apart from any one, and knelt, with her arms crossed meekly upon her bosom and her head bowed in all humility before it.

I watched her attentively. Her entire attitude was changed from one of humility to one of imploration. Then one of the stray sunbeams crossed the chancel and touched her face with its sickly light, and, as I watched the expression of her face with the pale golden gleam upon it, I saw how marvellously meek it was; it was like the face of a Saint Catherine, I thought, and, as a natural consequence, I conceived a strong desire to paint a St. Catherine with that face for a model.

While I was thinking over the matter the service came to an end, and that meek-faced creature arose from her kneeling-place on the irregularly-worn pavement and hastened to the door of the church.

I had not made up my mind as to the course I should pursue, when an accident decided it for me. In rising so hastily the woman's handkerchief had dropped.

I noticed this, quickly secured the handkerchief, and got to the head of the steps just as the woman had reached the bottom.

I increased my pace until I was beside her, and, raising my hat, I asked her in Italian if it was not her handkerchief I had had the good fortune to find.

She looked at me and took the handkerchief, saying in a quiet voice:

"Thanks, signore; I have been to the church of St. Catherine."

I almost laughed at the coincidence. Was that the church of St. Catherine? I inquired of her.

Yes, she told me, it was called so; did his excellency not know that that was its name?

I have never heard so indeed, I answered; but I told her it was only since I had seen her in the church that I had been thinking of St. Catherine. Surely she must have been painted frequently for the saint?

Her face flushed for a moment as if she felt the compliment, but then she shook her head without raising her eyes, and again that beautiful expression of meekness came over her face as she said:

"Ahas, no, signore! No painter could think of the blessed Santa Cattarina from seeing my poor plain face."

"Pardon me," I answered; "I am a painter, and yet I thought, and think still, that, if I wished for a model for the saint whom I was about to draw, I could not find a more perfect face than that of the signora—or perhaps I should say of signorina?"

"His excellency is right in the first, I am wed."

"But does the signore desire to paint the blessed Santa Cattarina?" she asked quickly, as before.

I assured her that such was my intention.

"Then he will paint it from my face if he wishes," she said. "But it must be done in the morning—never in the evening."

I assured her that the morning was the only time it could possibly be done. Then, at her request, I gave her my card with my address in Venice upon it, and she left me hastily, saying:

"The signore need not doubt; I shall be with him in the morning."

She gave a single glance at my face, then bent her head and hastened away.

The next morning I had finished breakfast and gone out to my balcony to smoke a cigarette, when I saw just beneath where I was standing a gondola with a solitary figure of a woman closely veiled.

The gondola came alongside the house, and I heard the passenger tell the boatman to return in an hour; it was the voice of my future Saint Catherine.

I left the balcony to go down to welcome her and bring her up to my temporary studio.

"How can I thank signora enough for this inexpressible kindness to a stranger?" I said as she seated herself.

After a time I asked her if it would be agreeable to her to give me her first sitting.

Then she brightened up, and I felt that this fair creature was not devoid of vanity.

If I would have the goodness to tell her how to sit, she would do her best, she said meekly.

After preparation, for an hour I had her before me, and the lovely expression which I was endeavoring to transfer to my canvas never passed from her face.

She was the very model of a model, and I could not help feeling that she had been accustomed to sit for artists.

When the hour was up, promising to be with me at the same hour on the following day, my visitor left me, veiling herself, and returning to her gondola that was below.

The next morning at the same time the gondola drew up at my portal, and for another hour I had my model before me. But not a word was spoken as to a husband.

When she was leaving, she told me that an interval of two days must elapse before she could return to me.

I assured her that it would make no difference to the picture, though I should count the moments until I should see her again. She flushed, smiled gently, and veiled herself.

It was only when the third day after this was approaching that I became aware of the very great interest which I had in the picture of this Saint Catherine.

I spent the greater part of the two days of the interval in elaborating what I had already done, and somehow the original of my picture had become so impressed upon my mind that I felt I could without difficulty complete the portrait without another sitting.

When she did arrive on the morning she had appointed, I fancied there was a considerable change in her manner. She entered the room and sat down without shaking hands with me, and at once burst into tears.

I could not quite understand the meaning of this, so I went over to her and laid my hand upon her shoulder, asking her what was the matter.

"You have not even shaken hands with me," I said. "Surely I have not offended you in any way. Pray tell me that I am not the cause of your grief."

She started up and took my hand, saying: "No, no, not you; you are too good." Then she dashed away her tears, and her eyes began to flash as they had never needed to flash so long as she was the model of the saint. "Not you!" she cried, with her hands clenched and her hair thrown back—"not you, but he—he, the beast, the swine—he suspects me, accuses me, tells me he will kill me if I return! Me, whom a painter is making into the blessed Santa Cattarina!"

"Why should he accuse you?" I asked.

"Why? Who knows why? I shall have my revenge some of these days; he has tempted me too often. Often, when I have the pistol uplifted, I have thought how easy it would be to rid myself of him."

"The pistol?" I said.

She started and laughed strangely.

"Ah, you do not understand! The pistol is not raised to kill; it is only play—mockery. Enough—let us to the Santa Cattarina!"

I did not say much to my model when she rose to depart, but I thanked her, and said that I thought the picture was progressing, and that I would never forget her goodness in sitting for me.

The next day I waited in expectation of her coming, but the evening arrived without my seeing the gondola in which she was accustomed to come to me. Late however, and after I had given up all hope of being able to continue my painting, a letter was brought to me. It was in Italian, and was badly written and ill-spelt.

"He has locked me in the house," it said, "and the windows are high. He has beaten me, and has kicked me with his feet. He has done so often, but he will do so no more. The beast shall die. Come to-night to the Teatro di Doge."

I was somewhat mystified, but resolved to go to the theatre, which I easily found.

The play had been going on for some time before my entering, and the curtain had just risen for the last act. It was a favorite sensational drama, called "The Brigand's Daughter," and it contained much brandishing of swords and several rapid fights.

I had seen it previously, so that I knew the final act contained the episode of the murder of the brigand by his daughter, in order to obtain the release of her lover, who was immured in a dungeon on account of his having unwisely declared his love to the relentless father.

The brigand was walking up and down a room in his castle.

After a good deal of "tall talk" the daughter entered; there was some applause in the house, whereupon I glanced towards the stage and saw smiling before the audience the meek face of my unknown model of Saint Catherine.

A cold fear came over me; I felt myself standing up and clutching the back of one of the seats. She had it—the pistol—she took a few steps back—she aimed the pistol at the figure—a flash of fire came, and the report of the shot rang through the building!

I fell back into my seat, for I knew the weapon must have been loaded to produce such a sound.

I saw it all as if in a dream, and I could hear the passionate cries of the woman who had thrown herself over the body.

She had to be forced from it by order of a surgeon, who chanced to be in the theatre and had clambered to the stage.

"It is her husband," said some one near me. "Poor thing! The pistol must have been loaded by accident."

"She will go mad with grief," said another. "Hear her cries!"

I heard her cries of grief, even though she had been carried off the stage, and my heart sickened on hearing them.

Then the curtain fell, and an official of the theatre came forward and announced that, in consequence of a most lamentable accident, the performance was at an end.

I left the building with the rest of the audience, and found a gondola to take me home.

In a short time I was standing with the face of the meek Saint Catherine of my picture before me. Was that the face of a murderess? I asked myself, and I thought of the words of the letter which was in my pocket. I covered the picture.

The news was over all the city the next day.

The blue dimness of the evening was just making itself felt in the air as I went out upon my balcony to smoke.

Glancing downwards I saw the gondola with the veiled figure seated in it.

In a few moments she entered my room.

She glanced round the room for a moment before throwing back her veil. Then, in the dim twilight, I saw the face of the woman smiling as I had never seen it before, and she whispered:

"You got my letter? You were at the theatre?"

I stared at her.

"I was at the theatre. I saw the—the accident."

"Yes, the accident," she answered, with a little laugh. "He would not allow me to come to you here yesterday—he kicked me with his feet, the carrion! Alas, here I am now, and he will not kick me when I return! I am rid of him! I shall yet be the Santa Cattarina of your picture!"

"How can I paint the face of a murderess and call it the face of a saint?" I said.

She started and looked at me.

"Is my face not the same as before?" she said. "Murderess? Bah! I did it for you and your Santa Cattarina!"

"I pity you with all my soul," I said. "But go—here is the picture!"

"Fool, idiot!" whispered the woman. "You have no more than the cold heart of a toad! But we will not quarrel. You will not tell any one of the letter, signore?"

"No one shall know of it," I said.

"A thousand thanks, signore. I will love your Santa Cattarina. Good-bye."

I saw her go out of the room, and heard the movement of the gondola at the base of the wall as it was being pushed off and propelled away.

I left Venice the next day and I heard nothing more of the woman who had been my model.

As a man was passing a house in Portland Me., the other day, a two year-old girl, who was playing in a second-story room, jumped out of the window and struck fairly on his head. The child fell to the pavement and was badly bruised, though not seriously hurt, and the man except being half scared to death, was not much hurt.

It is suggested in Cleveland that the public school pupils shall give every year two concerts, the proceeds of which shall be applied to the foundation of scholarships in the College of Music there. To these scholarships a special commission of the Board of Education will elect such pupils of the intermediate and high schools as shall show decided musical ability.

Scientific and Useful.

PHOSPHORESCENT PAPER.—Phosphorescent paper, writing or print on which can be read in the dark, is the substance of a late European invention.

PRESERVING METALS.—A simple method of preserving bright metals from rust is to rub over the surface a mixture formed by melting together equal parts of ozokerit or paraffin and beeswax.

PAPER FOR FUMIGATION.—Paper for fumigating purposes, to impart a pleasant odor, while burning, may be treated with an alcoholic solution. To burn well, the paper should first be impregnated with an aqueous solution of nitre and dried.

CEMENT FOR CAST IRON.—Five parts of sulphur, two parts of graphite, and two parts of fine iron filings, are melted together, taking care that the sulphur does not catch fire. The parts, previously warmed, are covered with the cement, reduced to a pasty consistence on a fire, and firmly pressed together. This cement, it is said, is well adapted to fill out leaks in cast iron vessels.

SAND.—Sand is mentioned as a cheap and ready means of making supporting-columns and bases for anvils, or for blocks designed to support heavy weights. Enclosed in thin wooden or iron walls, if thoroughly shaken down, sand may be made to sustain a much greater weight than the walls or cylinders alone, by placing all the weight directly on the sand, and quite from the walls that retain it.

THE TELEPHONE.—A suggestion of considerable practical value has just been made; it is that the telephone should be used by patients in fever-wards, so that they may converse with their friends to whom immediate access is necessarily denied on account of the risk of infection. A telephone could easily be carried from bed to bed in a ward, and the corresponding instrument fixed in an office at a distance.

NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.—A novel and valuable application of electricity, designed to prevent the possibility of collisions on railways, is now the subject of experiment at the Marseilles station. It consists of an electric mirror, in which all the movements on a line one hundred kilometres in length are brought vividly before the eye, enabling the station-master to follow exactly the progress of every train. By this means it is hoped that all accidents resulting from delays or too rapid runs can be entirely avoided, and arrangements are being made for the general introduction of the new invention.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.—Another blow is in store for the gas companies. The English authorities have been making experiments with a new gas which has been brought under their notice as being not only cheaper than ordinary gas, but far more effective. The new gas is capable of so much concentration that the quantity contained in a small buoy has kept a light burning 48 days with sufficient brilliancy to show the position of the buoy to passing ships. The inventor declares that a buoy of ordinary size would contain sufficient gas to keep a good light burning for nine months, so that all our buoys might show light at night if gas was supplied to them twice in a year and a half.

Farm and Garden.

CHEAP FERTILIZER.—Make a shallow basin in the ground not far from the kitchen, and fill with cool ashes as it is made, and on this throw night slops, wash water, etc. An immense amount of the very best of fertilizers can be made in this way.

CELLARS.—If it is not already done, sort over the fruit and vegetables in your cellar, and carry out everything that is decayed; ventilate the cellar and give a thorough coat of whitewash. There is no more certain source of fevers and diphtheria than decaying vegetation in the cellar.

TO CLEAR WATER.—To clear cistern water add two ounces powdered alum and two ounces borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain water that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle and the water be clarified and fit for washing, and even for cooking purposes.

CARE OF YOUNG ANIMALS.—Pure air and water are of even more importance than exercise in the care of young animals. They are often huddled together in houses altogether insufficient in size, and in which the atmosphere is almost constantly impure from the product of respiration.

WINDOW BOXES.—These boxes supply the place of a hot bed or cold frame. Seeds sown in boxes of earth three inches deep, and set in a warm kitchen window, the plants properly watered and thinned, and if need be, transplanted to other boxes of earth, will give an abundance of early tomato and other plants.

WORMS IN PIGS.—For worms in pigs, let them have free access to charcoal and ashes, and occasionally put small portions of copperas and sulphur in their food. For mange in pigs give them two good scourings with strong soap suds, dry, clean bedding, and a small portion of the remedy for worms in addition will be of great advantage.

TICKS ON SHEEP.—If, after the wool has grown to some considerable length, sheep or lambs become annoyed with lice or ticks, wash the lambs in a strong decoction of tobacco. Another way is to take a pair of bellows and inhale tobacco smoke; then blow the smoke with considerable force among the ticks. This will prove instant death to them.

PRUNING.—Trim moderately every year, but not heavily oftener than once in three years. Pruning may now be done at any time when the days are warm; cut off no limbs that are over an inch in diameter. If you do not understand pruning yourself, have it done by a competent person; do not send an ignorant man into your orchard to cut and hew at will.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Choose medium-sized, well-formed eggs; let them be neither over nor under-sized, and with smooth, hard-surfaced shells. There is no truth in the idea that long or pointed eggs produce cocks, and round, short eggs, pullets. It is impossible to determine sex. Eggs should be as freshly laid as possible. In winter gather the eggs from the nests frequently to prevent their becoming chilled.

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 12, 1879.

"GETTING ON."

THERE are many different ways of getting on in the world; it does not always mean making a great deal of money, or being a great man for people to look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one, is getting on in the world; to be clean and tidy, instead of dirty and disorderly, is getting on; to be careful and saving, instead of thoughtless and wasteful, is getting on; to be active and industrious, instead of idle and lazy, is getting on; to be kind and forbearing, instead of ill-natured and quarrelsome, is getting on; to work as diligently in the master's absence as in his presence, is getting on; in short, when we see any one properly attentive to his duties, persevering through difficulties to gain such knowledge as shall be of use to himself and to others, offering a good example to his relatives and acquaintances, we may be sure that he is getting on in the world. Money is a useful article in its way; but it is possible to get on with small means; for it is a mistake to suppose that we must wait for a good deal of money before we can do anything. Perseverance is always better than a full purse. There are more helps towards getting on than is commonly supposed; many people lag behind, or miss the way altogether, because they do not see the simple and abundant means which surround them on all sides; and so it happens that these means are aids which cannot be bought with money. Those who wish to get on in the world must have a stock of patience and perseverance, of hopeful confidence, a willingness to learn, and a disposition not easily cast down by difficulties and disappointments.

How much in modern education is calculated, if not intended, rather to prepare our females to dazzle in the circle of fashion and the gay party than to shine in the retirement of home. To polish the exterior by what are called accomplishments seems to be more the object than to give a solid substratum of piety, intelligence, good sense, and social virtue. Never was a subject less understood than education. To store the memory with facts, or to cultivate the taste for music, singing, drawing, languages, and needlework, are the ultimatum with many. The use of the intellect in the way of deep reflection, sound judgment, accurate discrimination, is not taught as it should be; while the direction of the will, the cultivation of the heart, and the formation of the characters are lamentably neglected. We ask not the sacrifice of anything that can add grace, elegance and ornament to the feminine character, but do want incorporated with this more of what is masculine in knowledge and wisdom.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is reported that the teaching of sewing in the Boston schools is very successful. Although instruction is given to each girl only two hours in each week, those pupils who came into the school in September not even knowing how to hold a needle, are able to hem nicely and to sew over-seams at the end of the first term. The special teacher prepares the work at home, so that it can be put promptly into the hands of the pupils without wasting a moment.

—

IN Rome many of the people will sign no contract on Friday. Neither will they light three candles, nor sit in a room where three candles only are lighted. In Florence this deep-rooted horror of certain numbers and days takes quite a comical form. In many streets and squares there is no number thirteen, but twelve and a half has been substituted, so that the numbers run twelve and a half and fourteen. In this ingenious way the dread number is done away with. Houses bearing the unlucky thirteen rarely find any Italian lodgers.

—

A RECENT report of a prominent physician connected with an insane asylum shows a curious diversity of causes for that terrible affliction among the many quoted; it is said that ill health and intemperance are the most common causes. "Mortified pride" shook the reason of two men and one woman. "Tight lacing" turned one woman's head, and "an engagement in a duel" did the same thing for one man. "Want of exercise" made six men and ten women crazy, and "disappointed affection" sent 32 men and 61 women into "a green and yellow melancholy."

—

QUEEN VICTORIA went to the Italian lakes strictly for the sake of recruiting her health; but her journey is likely to start a new fashion in Great Britain. Hitherto British travelers have been seen on the lakes only during the summer and fall; yet early spring is the choicest season for visiting them. They are at their best then, while the invigorating influence of their climate is at its highest. By selecting that region at this season of the year, the Queen sets an example which will be speedily followed, not only by the British, but by the Continental and American fashionables too.

—

DR. J. W. RANNEY, of New York, in a lecture on "The Brain and Nervous System," attributed Rowell's success in the foot race partly to the fact that he ran as well as walked. By running he developed and exercised the larger muscles of the thighs, and by walking, the muscles of the lower extremities, so that both were of use to him in the contest; and when he walked, the large muscles were resting, just as the smaller ones were when he ran. No man who confined himself to walking could compete, in a long contest, with a skilful runner. Harriman had a long stride, but it was too much of a strain on the muscles of the lower limbs, and they finally gave out.

—

IT seems that the English convict Peace, through the sensational accounts published of all his doings, continues to exercise a wonderful influence on the imagination of the rising generation. Not only has burglary, conducted with the aid of a revolver, become a favorite pastime for youth, but even the hero's execution is imitated—not always without fatal results. Four boys have actually put themselves to death by strangulation while "playing at Peace," as it is termed, since the object of their admiration died for his crimes on the gallows. The latest case is that of a boy, aged ten years, who was found the other morning by a policeman, having strangled himself in a street in Lambeth while pursuing his favorite amusement.

—

THE Empress of Austria was filled with wonder on meeting with Mr. Kavannah, M. P. for County Carlow, with the Kildare hounds. He was born without legs or arms. In place of legs he has six inches of muscular thigh stumps, one being about an inch shorter than its fellow; while his arms are dwarfed to perhaps four inches of the upper portion of these members, and are unfurnished with any termination approaching to hands. Yet he is a beautiful calligraphist, a dashing huntsman, an artistic draughtsman, an unerring shot, an expert yachtsman, and drives four-in-hand. In writing he holds the pen or pencil in his mouth, and guides its course by the arm stumps, which are sufficiently long to meet across the chest. When hunting he sits in a kind of saddle basket, and his reins are managed with surprising expertness and ease.

—

ZULU-LAND is said to be a terrible place for military service for both men and horses. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Not only are the Zulus themselves more terrible fellows than our fancy had already pictured them, possessing every physical and mental qualification necessary to the formation of a perfect light infantry, but they, naked savages as they are, seem to rush unhurt and unimpeded through scrub of the most terrible description. Four out of every five bushes bear thorns which a European can only hope to face, when clad in the best moleskin. The number of these thorns, we are assured by competent authority, is "legion," and they are as formidable to white men as they are apparently harmless to the Zulus. But if Zulu-land is an ugly place for men, it is far worse for horses; what between tsetse fly, snakes, horse sickness, poison root, and change of diet above ground, to say nothing of ant-bears and ratels below it, not ten per cent. of those animals will be alive two months after their arrival.

—

DR JACOB S. WEST, whom the Memphis Appeal describes as a prominent physician of Texas, has written a letter showing conclusively that yellow fever germs can be transmitted in grains of imported coffee. Instances are given of towns strictly quarantined admitting coffee under every precaution, after it had been exposed to the open air at an intermediate point for twenty-four hours. This coffee had been sent from Galveston, where the fever prevailed, and, in spite of all the precautions taken in every house in which this coffee was introduced the yellow fever soon after broke out. A box of quinine, covered with sawdust, sent from an infected city, carried the malady so effectually that every one present when the box was opened died of the yellow fever. These facts are cited to show the necessity of each place entirely cutting off communication with an infected district. A letter, intended to carry the tidings of death may carry death itself. The Appeal thinks that if Congress will establish a national quarantine there need be no apprehension as to yellow fever, as a stringent law, faithfully executed, will prevent the importation of pestilence into the South.

—

THE massacre recently perpetrated by the King of Burmah, frightful as it appears, is merely one more example of a custom so universal in the East that it may almost claim rank as a recognized institution. The natural commencement of every Oriental reign is the slaughter or disablement of all possible pretenders to the throne; and the annals, not merely of Burmah, but of Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, and Bomara, teem with instances too frighful for quotation. As recently as the close of the last century a Western traveler found one of the royal princes of Persia going about with a bandage over his eyes, and on questioning him was told, in a matter-of-course air which made the story doubly horrible, that "as his eldest brother would certainly put out his eyes on mounting the throne, he was teaching himself to dispense with the use of them." The Turkish Sultan, Mahmoud, famous for his destruction of the Janissaries in 1826, owed his elevation to the fact of his being the only member of the royal family left unslaughtered; and the multiplied butcheries of Mehemet Ali are still in every one's recollection.

—

JOHN LEDYARD, in his Siberian journal, pays the following tribute to women of all nations: "I have observed among all nations that women wherever they may be found are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane and tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable in general to err than man, but in general more virtuous, and performing more good action than can be. I never address myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent or friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of wandering Tartars, woman has ever been friendly to me, and, to add to this virtue, these actions have been performed in so free and kindly a manner that I drank the draught and ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

—

JAPANESE floriculture is famed for its success and quaintness, and American flower-lovers are now making collections of Japanese plants. A gentleman in San Francisco owns two hundred of these plants, all evergreens, which curiously illustrate native skill, the trees being dwarfed and trained into various shapes, such as those of cats, dogs, cranes, turtles, sparrows, etc., the favorite design being a cocked hat. Some of the trees, though dwarfed to only a foot high, retain their natural shape, and look like full-grown trees seen through the reversed end of an opera glass, while many are over fifty years of age. Most curious, however are the two tea-plants, the leaves of which sell at from $5 to $10 per pound in Japan, grasses growing in long cords with tassels, and houses, pleasure-boats, and junks made out of the same porous root in which plants can live. The latter are covered with little plants so dwarfed as never to grow out of proportion to the object which forms their base. Some of these floral curiosities are very old, having been handed down from father to son for many generations, while they grow in valuable specimens of ancient Japanese pottery.

—

ANY one who has lived half a century must observe how fast the taste for decorative art is developing in town and country. Time was when the parlor, or "best room," especially in the rural districts, was a thing to be dreaded and shunned; its stiff, angular furniture, its bare walls, its high mantelpiece, garnished with a pair of candlesticks and tray and snuffers, held out no invitation to intimate acquaintance. It was not dirty or dingy, for it was cared for with reverent particularity; but it was cold, bald, dim, unventilated and forbidding. It was seldom used, and therefore did not take kindly to use; it was kept for exhibition, yet offered nothing pleasant to the eye, or suggestive to the mind. In accordance with its nature it died "hard." It presented a stern front to the demands of comfort and gentle advances of taste. Possibly it still lingers in some fastness of the mountain, or in the wilderness—something like it in spirit, if not in detail, is yet to be seen in city boarding-houses—but for the most part it is a thing of the past. Now the parlor is the pleasantest room in the house. The furniture is diverse in form and use, and skilfully arranged to minister to comfort and convenience. Pictures, chromos, engravings and photographs adorn the walls; here and there a bracket holds up a statuette or a vase of flowers to view.

—

NOT only in the matter of the dinner ware and glass, but the clothing of the table and its floral decoration are beginning to be studied and improved. Not long since, it was the mode to literally bury the dinner-table in flowers, which were fitted into frames of wet moss that they might keep fresh, and, in fact, be really said to bloom under your eyes. Now, floral decorations are most subservient to artistic adornment. At some houses the table-cloth is no longer white, but of rich colored cloth or satin embroidered with lace. At others it is rich white or brownish linen embroidered in colors. One of the prettiest modifications of the two styles is still to retain the white cloth round the table where you eat, and to make the centre of it a field of fanciful designs in hand-painted satin, embroidery, crewel, or other artistic work. One feature noticeable in all the new methods of table decoration is that centre-pieces and tall vases, or dishes, are abolished. The gorgeous high works of art recently presented to the royal bride and bridegroom are fairly out of fashion. Nothing is now put upon the table to impede the general view. You can see your host and hostess all the time. Your opposite neighbor is not shut away away from you by a tall dessert dish or epergne. The table is "dressed low," so that the guests can see and be seen.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

BY THOMAS LODGE, 1560.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest—
Ah! wanton, will ye!

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow on my knee
The live long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
His music plays if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he, my heart doth sting!
Ah, wanton! will ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip ye hence,
And bind ye when ye long to play
For your offence.
I'll shut my eyes to keep ye in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin—
Alas! what hereby shall I win
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy power my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O, Cupid! so thou pity me—
Spare not, but play thee.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXXV.—[CONTINUED.]

THIS was a painful moment for Dutch and his friends, for, instead of indignantly refusing, the old sailor, whom they thought so staunch, hesitated, and turned, and whispered to Rasp, who was by his side.

"Come, look sharp; I've no time for fooling," cried Laure. "What do you say?"

Oakum looked at his fellow-prisoners, then at Rasp and the two sailors, and gave his quid a fresh turn before speaking.

"S'pose I says, 'No; I'll stick trumps to my old skipper?'" he growled.

"Well, then," said Laure, showing his teeth, "you will have to work twice as hard. You'll have three days given you to carry the schooner to the next sunken wreck, and if you don't do it in that time I shall send a bullet through your head."

"Thanky," said Oakum. "Well, now, suppose as I say I'll fight for you, sail the schooner, and help get up some more treasure, what'll you give me?"

"Oakum!" exclaimed Dutch, who had believed so strongly in the old man's faith.

"You be blowed," growled Oakum. "I must take care o'myself. Now, then, gov'nor, what do you say?"

"I'll give you a hundred of those silver ingots down below. That will make you a rich man."

"Won't do," said Sam, stoutly. "I aint going to cut my skipper for no hundred on 'em. Make it two hundred and I'll take you."

"Oakum, if you have a spark of manly feeling in you!" cried Dutch.

"Aint got a spark, Mister Dutch Pugh. It was put out that day of the fight."

"You scoundrel!" cried the captain.

"Same to you, captain," said Oakum, coolly. "Now, then, gov'nor, what do you say? Is it to be two hundred, or is the proposal off?"

"I'll give you the two hundred," said Laure, with flashing eyes, for he knew that Oakum would be invaluable to him, and very likely bring Rolls and Lennie over, the three being the best sailors in the ship.

"And 'bout grog," said Oakum.

"As much as you like when the work's done," said Laure.

"And 'bacco?"

"Of course."

"And I aint to be a common sailor?"

"No, under me you shall have command of the ship, as far as navigation goes."

"Then I'm on," said Sam Oakum, giving his leg a slap, after a glance at the armed men on one side and his captive superiors on the other.

There was a murmur of dissatisfaction from the captain and the others at this secession, and Oakum turned upon them sharply.

"What are you a growling about?" he exclaimed, throwing off his former tone of respect. "You can't spect a man to stick to you always. Your game's up—his is on. I'm going on his side. Why not? I'm a pore man, and I shall be a pore one if I don't make some tin this trip."

"You're quite right, my lad," said Laure, slapping him on the shoulder, and then turning a malignant look on his prisoners.

"One must know which way his bread's buttered," growled Sam. "Say, my lads," he continued to Rolls and Lennie, "you can go down and be boxed up under hatches if you like, only if I was you I should say to the new skipper, 'Give's twenty of them bars a-piece, and we'll stick to you to the end.'"

"I'll give you twenty ingots a-piece, my lads," said Laure. "Will you come over on my side?"

"I'm a-going to do just the same as Master Oakum does," said Lennie.

"I'm on too," growled the other, with what sounded a good deal like a curse.

"That's good. Step over here, then," said the Cuban. "You are free men."

There was another angry murmur from the prisoners, as they saw with dismay their party lessened by three.

But there was a great trial in store for them, for just then Oakum turned sharp round on old Rasp, who was taking snuff viciously, as he leaned back and looked on.

"I say, old Beeswax," said Oakum, "now's your time to make your bargain. You're a fool if you stop there."

"For heaven's sake, Rasp, don't listen to him!" cried Mr. Parkley.

"What have you got to do with it?" snarled Rasp, angrily. "He says right. Your game's up, and if we're a-going diving again, I may just as well be paid for it as work for nowt."

"Come then," said the Cuban, whose face flushed.

Rasp took a couple of steps forward, and the Cuban met him.

"What'll you make it if I come and dive for you, and get all the rest of the treasure? You can't work it proper without me, so I tell you."

"I'll give you the same as Oakum," said the Cuban, eagerly.

"Same as him!" snarled Rasp, "and him a common sailor? How are you going to get your treasure? I won't dive."

"With this," said Laure, tapping his revolver.

"Not out o'me, you can't," said the old fellow, giving a poke at an imaginary fire.

"We shall see about that," said Laure, sharply.

"There, I don't want to fight," said Rasp, to Mr. Parkley's great astonishment, for he had looked upon the old diver as truthfulness itself. "Here's the plunder, and there's no call to quarrel over it. I tell you what—say ten per cent, on all we get, and I'm your man."

"Ten per cent!" exclaimed Laure.

"Well, you'll save by it," said the old fellow. "Sha'n't I work the harder, and get all the more?"

"There's my hand upon it," said the Cuban; and they shook hands, while Mr. Parkley uttered a loud groan, and Dutch's eyes glittered with rage.

"That will do," said the Cuban, who could ill conceal his triumph. "Now, then, down below with you, captain, and you, my clever adventurers. You have played with me, you see, and your cards are all trumped. Now, take my advice, and wait patiently till you are wanted; for if you try any tricks against me, the stakes may mean your lives."

All had gone below except Dutch and Mr. Parkley, who turned round and addressed their renegade followers.

"As for you, Rasp," exclaimed Mr. Parkley, "if any one had sworn to me you could be such a scoundrel, I would have called him a liar."

"You keep a civil tongue in your head," snarled Rasp. "I worked faithfully for you, and you made your money. Now it's my turn. You'll have to work, and dive too—d'yer hear?—and I'm going to make the money."

The Cuban looked on curiously as these exchanges took place, and his face flushed with pleasure as he saw Dutch turn upon Oakum, who was leaning against the bulwarks, making believe to look on, cool as could be, and screwing his old mahogany phizog into what he meant to be a grin of delight at his freedom.

Dutch saw him grinning, and sent such a look at him as made his face grow as long as a spoon; but he laughed it off, and, pulling out his box and opening his knife, he went up to him and said in a free-and-easy way, "Have a chaw, mate?" and made believe to cut him one.

"You cowardly old traitor!" said Dutch; and unable to contain himself, he caught the old sailor by the throat, and shook him violently.

This treatment seemed to rouse the old fellow into a state of ungovernable passion, for, giving way in the surprise of the moment, he was driven back against the cover of the cabin hatch; but recovering himself directly, with a savage oath, he raised his knife and struck Dutch Pugh a fearful blow full in the chest, and the young man staggered back along the deck.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OAKUM'S MESSENGER.

SAM OAKUM followed Dutch, as he staggered back, his knife entangling in the loose jacket he wore, and, dragging it furiously out, he was going to strike again, when a couple of sailors seized his arm.

Frowning and swearing, Sam Oakum allowed himself to be held back, while panting and white with rage, Dutch exclaimed:

"Coward, as well as a traitor, you will get your reward!"

"Here, let go, will you?" said Sam, furiously, making a desperate effort to get free; but the men held on, and Laure interposed—

"Let him go, Oakum, let him go," he said, smiling with satisfaction. "You can serve him out by and by, as you call it, some day when he is diving," he added, with a peculiar look.

Oakum gave a savage growl, like that of a bear, and glared at Dutch, who was now half forced below, hurt in mind, but very slightly in body, for Oakum's clumsy stab had gone between his ribs and arm, merely tearing his jacket.

Laure gave his orders, then Oakum took the command, and, the men readily obeying, the anchors were hove up, and, after their long stay, the schooner sails once more shaken out, and the vessel began to glide gently along through the limpid water of the beautiful bay.

During the next two days the Cuban kept a suspicious watch over Sam; but as he went direct at his work with a good deal of order, and knocked Pollo down for coming up smiling at him, he rose greatly in Laure's favor; and on the third morning when the Cuban came on deck and saw Sam busily scanning with his glass the shore along which they had coasted, he came and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You know the next place, then?" he said.

"Well, I dunno whether it's the same as yourn," said Sam, with a grin. "Mine lies just under that bit of island off yon point."

"Where the rocks lie piled up like an old castle, and there's a little cove only about big enough to take this ship?" said the Cuban.

"That's him, capen," said Oakum, showing his yellow teeth. "Say, I think it ought to be another hundred bars, capen, for this."

"Wait and see, my man. If it turns out as well as the last, I may behave handsomely to you; at any rate, if you serve me well, I shall not be shabby—handsome—shabby, that is what you say, is it not?"

"I say handsome," said Oakum, quietly; "never mind the shabby."

That afternoon the schooner was comfortably moored over where the sunken vessel lay, and this time there was no difficulty in finding the place, for about six fathoms below the surface the black timbers could be seen, and the Cuban rubbed his hands with glee, telling Oakum that this would be the richest find as it was here he had himself dived and obtained the ingots.

"And was the t'other one of the places you knowed of?" said Sam.

"Yes," replied the Cuban. "and I know of far more yet."

"Didn't you dive down at t'other place?"

"No," said the Cuban, lighting a cigar. "I sent down a black, who was a splendid swimmer—one of my slaves."

"Suppose he goes and clears off the silver unbeknownst to you?" said Sam, grinning.

"He will not do that," said the Cuban, quietly, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

"How do you know, cap'n?" said Oakum. "I never trusts niggers," and, as he spoke he scowled at Pollo, who was crossing the deck, and who slunk away.

"Because he is going where I should send any man who was likely to prove treacherous to me," said Laure, in a low, hissing whisper. "That fellow began to talk too much, and one night he fell overboard—somehow. It is impossible to say how it happened."

The two men stood gazing in each other's eyes for a few moments, and then the Cuban added slowly—

"I never boast, and I never forgive. A man is a fool to his own interests who tries to escape me. Your worthy employers thought that they had quite got rid of me, and had the field open to themselves. You see where they are? Now, if such a man as that old Rasp were to play fast and loose with me, that old man would die. Don't tell him I said so—it would make him uncomfortable; and it is better that a man should not know that he is likely to die. Take a cigar, my good friend, Oakum."

"Thanky—no cap'n—I always chews," said Sam; and then, as the other moved and went forward, Sam added, "He's a devil, that's what he is—a devil."

Old Rasp was sitting on a coil of rope close at hand, polishing up one of the helmets ready for the morrow's use, and just then the two men's eyes met, and a peculiar wink was exchanged, but they did not speak; and the rest of the evening was spent in making preparations for the morrow's descents.

Since he had been on deck, Sam Oakum had once or twice seen a little canary, one that Mr. Wilson used to pet a good deal, feeding it and training it so that it would sit on his finger, and feed from his hand; and this bird set him thinking.

Quite half the birds were dead; but there were several surviving, thanks to Pollo, who had given the little things seed and water, and cleaned out their cages. He had begun to talk to Oakum about them, but the old fellow turned upon him savagely—

"You go and attend to your pots and pans," he said, "you black lubber;" and Pollo shrunk from him with a frightened, injured air; and as the black crept away, Oakum suspected that the Cuban was close at hand, as he always was whenever either of the seceded party spoke together.

"Poor old Pollo!" said Sam to himself, as he sat down opposite the cage, and began thinking. "Now, I wonder, little matey," he said, softly, "whether, if I let you loose, you'd find your master, and take him a message."

He sat thinking for a while, and then shook his head.

"No, I'm sartain it wouldn't do; no, not even if you could talk like a poll parrot."

He strolled on deck, and saw that there was a sentry by the broken skylight, and another by the cabin hatch, and this was always the case; for the Cuban kept up the strictest discipline, one so perfect that if anything like it had been the rule under Captain Studwick, the vessel could not have been taken.

Sam watched his opportunity, too, when the prisoners came on deck; but he soon found that any attempt to obtain a word with either, even if they had not avoided his glance, would have been fatal to the enterprise which he had in hand.

"I shall have to take to the bird," he said, at last; and at daybreak the next morning he opened its cage door, and the little thing flitted out upon deck, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy its liberty, flying into the rigging, chirping, and ending by descending the cabin hatch, attracted thereto by a peculiar whistle; but after a time it came up again, suffered itself to be caught and replaced in its cage.

"That'll do," said Sam to himself; and he went about his work, while that morning the whole of the diving apparatus was rigged up, and Rasp carefully inspected the ground.

"It's all right," he said to the Cuban. "Now, then, have him up. Here, let's send old Parkley down."

Mr. Parkley was summoned on deck, and his first idea was to refuse to descend.

"You'd better go down," said Rasp, grinning. "If you don't go with the soot on, it's my belief that you'll have to go down without."

There was no help for it, and he put on the diving dress, and went down, Dutch being summoned on deck directly after, to find Laure and his men all armed; and he felt that resistance was vain, and he, too, went down, and then with Mr. Parkley worked to clean away the sand and weeds that had collected in the hold of the vessel.

A few ingots were found and sent up directly; but it was evident to both, as they compared notes, that the work of many days must follow before they could get at the bulk of the treasure that lay below.

And so another day passed, Dutch still finding, to his delight, as he went below, that the desire for the treasure was still the prominent feeling in Laure's mind.

The next morning, at daybreak, Mr. Wilson was first astir, and Dutch had just joined him to sit by the cabin window, and enjoy the fresh morning breeze, which was deliciously cool, when a bright, sharp chirp was heard, and the canary flew down through the broken skylight, and alighted on the table.

"Dick, Dick!" cried Mr. Wilson, with the tears of joy in his eyes—"pretty Dick." And the little thing flew on to his finger, turning its head first on one side and then on the other, as it looked up in his face with its bright beady eye.

"What's that under its wing?" said Dutch, sharply.

"Paper," was the reply; and, sure enough, tightly tied beneath the little pinion was a tiny piece of doubled-up paper, which, on being opened out, bore these words in pencil—

"Keep a steady hand at the wheel, and wait. Friends on board. Work and wait."

"Can that mean treachery?" said Dutch, doubtfully; and, going to their berths, he read the words softly to the captain and Mr. Parkley, and asked their opinions, as well as that of the doctors.

"No," said the latter. "That's no treachery, but from a friend."

"I see it all," whispered Dutch, with his face flushed with joy.

"What do you mean?" said the captain.

"I knew old Oakum and Rasp could not be such scoundrels. Their behavior was all a blind. They are our friends."

"That must be it," acquiesced the others; and it was decided not to send any message back, but to let the bird go.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SAM OAKUM'S NARRATIVE.

ABOUT this time Sam Oakum took to noting down what took place on board, not with pen and ink, but mentally—all of which notes he afterwards transferred to paper; and as his observations had a considerable bearing on this story, they are here introduced as follows:

Times went very sluggish just then, and having nothing to do I went below, and the first place I came to was the cabin that had been fitted up for Mr. Wilson's birds; and on geuing to 'em, there they were, poor little things, fluttering and chirping about with their feathers all rough, for they'd got no water and seed. Quite a score of 'em were lying dead in the bottom amongst the sand, and after giving the pretty little things water, and seed, and paste, I fished out the dead ones in a quiet, methodical sort of way, turning over something in my mind that I couldn't get to fit, when I feels a hand on my shoulder.

"Going to wring their necks?" says Laure, for it was him come down to watch me.

"Not I," I says. "They'll do first-rate to turn out on the island we stops at. Sing like fun."

"Look here, Oakum," he says; "we're playing a dangerous game, and you've joined us in it. Don't play any tricks, or—" He didn't say any more, but looked hard at me.

"Tricks!" I grumbled out; "I'm not for playing anything. I'm for real earnest, and no favor to nobody."

"I only said don't," said he, and he went up again.

"A suspicious hound!" I says to myself; and then I began turning over in my own mind what I had been thinking of before; and then having, as I thought, hit upon a bright idea, I hugged it up, and began to think it a little more shiny.

You see, what I wanted to do was to get a word with Mr. Pugh, and how to do it was the question. I knew well enough that I should be watched pretty closely, and any attempt at speaking would be put an end to most likely with a bullet.

I rubbed that thought about no end, and next morning I goes to the cage again, and instead of feeding it I quietly took out the panting little thing, carried it on deck, got up in a corner under the bulwarks, and waited my time, watching the waits to see if any one had an eye on me. Then I let the bird go; and it flitted here and flitted there with a tiny bit of paper fastened under its wing, till, as I had hoped, there came from the cabin skylight a particular sort of chirrup, when the bird settled on the glass for a moment, and then dropped through the opening where it had been broken, just as he did before.

Now, on that bit of paper I had printed this time what I knew wouldn't hurt me if the bird was seen by the mutineer, for I was afraid to say much this time; and as I had written on it, "Let him go again," so, sure enough, up he came ten minutes after, and, watching my chance, I followed him about till I caught him, and took him back to his cage, and gave him plenty of seed.

The Cuban had taken possession of the cabin next to where his prisoners were, and the skylight being partly over his place, a word with Mr. Pugh was out of the question; while such a little messenger as I had found would go to his master when called, perhaps without calling, specially after him being fortunate enough to catch sight of the bird the first time I tried.

All that day matters went on as usual, a strict watch being kept over the prisoners, and more than one, as I fancied, having an eye on me.

Now, not being a scholar, I had a deal of trouble over the note I got ready for the next morning, for, you see, I wanted to say very much in a very little room, and in a way that shouldn't betray me if it was to fall into the wrong hands. It was meant for Mr. Pugh, but I knew Wilson would get it; but that didn't matter, as they were fellow prisoners, and what I wanted was to put the skipper on his guard, and also to let him know that all I'd done was so as to be alongside of them all. So I says in the note:

"Honored Sir—Keep a bright look-out ahead, and haul every sheet taut. Them as you thought was sharks a showing their teeth warn't only shams. Take all you gets, and clap 'em under hatches, and, whatever you do, don't be deceived by false colors, nor hail ships as seems enemies."

"There," I says to myself, when I'd got that printed out careful, "if he can't make that out, he can't understand nothing;" for I put it to you, what could I have said clearer, and yet made so as no one else could understand? It seemed to me that I'd just hit the mark, and the next thing was to get it to him.

Who'd ever have thought, I says, that that long doubling-up chap, as we all made such fun of with his little birds, would have turned in so useful; and then I got what you big people call moralising about everybody having their use on earth, without it was mutineers, whose only use seemed to me to be finding work for the hangman.

I got no chance to send my note that day, through people being about; next day, too, nothing came of it; but early the next morning, soon after daybreak, I got my little messenger out, tied the paper to his wing with a bit of worsted out of my kit, and then, going on deck, I let him fly, but so as not to take the attention of the chap at the wheel, I started him from up in the main-top, where I made-believe to have gone to have a smoke.

There was a watch of three forward, but they were all half asleep; while as for him taking his trick at the wheel, he kept on nodding over his job, and letting the ship yaw about till she went anyhow.

Bless the pretty little thing! When I first opened my hand, it only sat there looking at me with its bright, beady eyes; and then it was so tame, it hopped upon my shoulder, to stay a few seconds, before flitting from rope to sheet and shroud, lower and lower, till it perched upon the cabin skylight, and rattled out a few clear, crisp notes, like a challenge to its master, who, I felt sure, would be asleep. My only hope was that the little thing would flit through the hole I made, and stay in the cabin till Wilson was up.

But I was wrong, for the bird had no sooner sung its sweet note, putting one in mind of old boyish days, when we used to go bird nesting, then I saw a hand thrust up through the broken light, and after a little fluttering, the bird let itself be caught, when, knowing that my job was done, I came slowly down, and walking aft, stood and talked to the chap at the wheel.

"Hallo!" I says, all at once, "there's one o' my birds got loose;" and, running forward, and making a good deal of fuss, I captured the little canary, for it never flew far at a time, having been tamed and petted by Mr. Wilson till it was almost like a little Christian.

That day I watched my chance, and got hold of what powder I could, making a little packet of it in my silk neckercher; and when it was dark, I managed to drop that through the skylight as I went whistling along the deck. Next thing to be done was to get some weepuns, for it seemed strange to me if we six true men couldn't somehow make our chance and turn the tables on the rascals who had taken the ship. Then I thought the odds would be fair, for fighting with right on our side, I considered that we were quite as strong as eight of the others.

But the job was to get hold of weepuns, for they never let me have neither cutlass nor pistol. Some of the chaps grumbled, saying that, now Laure had made hisself captain, times were as hard as they were before. But that wasn't the case; though now he'd got the ship, he didn't mean to lose her again if he could help it, and seemed to be always on the watch for everything. As to trusting either of we three to go down below to the prisoners with rations, that was out of the question, either he or his mate attending to that; and more than once I heard high words, and Mr. Pugh talking in a threatening way when the big scoundrel was below.

Day after day slipped by, and all I had managed to drop more into the cabin was only a couple of table knives; when one dark evening, as I lay under the bulwark, hid by a bit of sail, I saw Laure come out of his cabin, go and talk to the chap at the wheel, see to the course of the ship, and then go forward. I heard him talk to the watch for a minute, and then he went below forward, when, running upon all fours, I was at the cabin hatch and down below in a jiffy.

As I expected, there were plenty of pistols and cutlashes there, where he had had them put for safety; and if I could have opened the big cabin door, I might have pitched a half of score in before any one could say "Jack Robinson." But there was something to stop me, for I had crossed the cabin and had my hand on a cutlash before I knew that Laure's mate was in the cabin, with his head down upon the table, and seemingly fast asleep.

I should think I stood there with my hand stretched out for a full minute, not daring to move, expecting every moment that the Cuban would come back, or else that the mate would wake up.

That minute seemed to be stretched out into quite an hour, and then, feeling that it was now or never, I shoved one after the other six pistols inside my shirt, when taking another step to reach where some cutlashes stood together in a corner, I knocked one down, when I threw myself on my hands and knees, so that, if the mate started up, he would not see me at first. Then as I stooped there trembling with anxiety, I heard him yawn, push the lamp a little further on the table, and a minute after, he was snoring loud.

I waited as long as I dared, and then, rising lightly, I got hold of one cutlash, and then of five more, out of a good twenty as stood there; stuffed as many cartridges out of the arm chest into my pockets as they would hold, and then, after doing all this by fits and starts, expecting every moment that he would hear me I turned to go.

I'd crept across the cabin, and reached the door; when I heard a step on the deck, and drew back; but the next moment it had gone; and after waiting for a minute, with the cutlashes tightly held under my arm, I made another start, when my heart seemed to sink, for I heard a sort of husky cough I well knew, and the Cuban had his foot upon the stairs.

There was only one way for safety, and that I snatched at; for in another few seconds he would have had me by the throat, and all would have been over; but, darting back, I laid hold of the lamp, dashed it down upon the sleeping man's head, and then leaped aside.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SECRET SERVICE.

THAT trap took just as I expected. Mr. Sleepy leaped up like a wounded tiger; and, cutlash in hand, the Cuban bounded down the stairs, when the two men were locked in a sharp tussle in an instant, leaving the way clear for me to slip up, gain the mizen shrouds, and make my way up into the top, where I laid my treasures; went hand over hand by the stay, and got down to the deck again in the dark by the main shrouds, without being seen, and joined the party that was being collected by the noise and shouting in the cabin.

"Curse you! bring a lantern. Help here, or he'll kill me!" roared Laure, in a smothered voice; but not a man dared go down till I offered; and, making believe to be afraid to venture without a cutlash, one of the chaps handed me one; and with the lantern in my other hand, I went cautiously down, chuckling to myself to find that Laure and his man had been mauling one another awfully; and if it had not been for my coming, there'd no doubt have been an end of one of the scoundrels; for, woke up wild and savage with a drunken sleep, the mate had attached Laure fiercely, and when I got to them, had him down and half throttled.

There wasn't a man that didn't grin as Laure cursed and raged at the mate for a drunken fool; starting up and knocking the lamp over; while t'other swore that Laure struck him first, showing his bleeding head as a witness, but after such an up-and-down as they had had in the dark, no one took much notice of what he said, every one, themselves included, taking it for a false alarm; and we all separated, leaving them two sore and savage men as could be.

Knowing how frightened some of the prisoners would be, I says out loud to one of the chaps as we passed the broken panes—

"Don't s'pose the captain thought there was so much muscle in old Sleepy."

"Hold your tongue," says the other; he'll hear you."

And then we both laughed and walked forward me wishing the while that those below could have known of my luck, but satisfied that they would feel that there was nothing particular the matter.

Feeling pretty sure that Laure would not be on deck again that night, I waited about three hours all in a tremble, as I lay in my hammock, for fear I should go to sleep, and forget to fetch the weapons; and even then, spite of all my pains, lying there and trying to keep awake, if I did not drop off, and dream that they were missed from the cabin, and that Laure was going to shoot Mr. Pugh for stealing them. Then I awoke with a start, and it seemed to me that I had been asleep for hours and hours, and I slipped out of my hammock, to find, from the men talking on deck, that I couldn't have been more than five minutes. So I crept down again, and into my hammock; and once more I dropped off, do all I could to stop it; and this time I dreamed that the wind had changed, and all hands had been piped to shorten sail, when they came across the arms in the top. Then I awoke again with a start, to find that I could hear the buzzing voices still upon the deck. But I wouldn't risk it any more, though I felt sure I should n't have slept above half an hour at a stretch, and, sitting down by my hammock head, I took a bit of baccy, and sat listening, till it seemed as if it would never grow late enough to go. At last, I felt that if I meant to act, it must be at once, or there would perhaps be a change in the watch, and I might lose my chance, so I crept up on deck, taking with me a handful of lashing; and as soon as I felt the breeze, I knew that I was not a minute too soon; for with a good mate or captain, orders would have been given directly to shorten sail.

The watch were well forward, and, as usual, the one at the wheel was half asleep, or, being now much lighter, he must have seen me going up or coming down from the mizen-top where I had left the arms; but no; I got them safe down; and then, crawling like a cat along the deck, I threaded the lanyard I had through the trigger-guards of the pistols, and lowering them one at a time, all six, and was just drawing the lanyard back after loosing one end, when I felt a warm hand from below grasp mine, and on drawing it away I was able to pass the cartridge and six cutlashes down one after the other, to have them taken from my hand.

I'd hardly done before I heard a step on deck behind me, and, dropping flat down, I gave a half roll over, so that I lay close under the combing, but not daring to move; for it was the watch coming to the man at the wheel.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"LIKE A STRANGE GREY SNAKE."

MEANWHILE the divers steadily worked on with old Rasp, who was closely watched by the Cuban, tyrannical to a degree, while Oakum never once looked at them.

Sand, rock, and what was harder to move—namely, masses of coral—were dragged away that day, and the Cuban's impatience was somewhat alleviated on the sight of a few more stray ingots, forerunners of what he hoped to get further on; and again night put an end to their labors, the tired divers, who on this day had been helped by the captain, doctor, and naturalist, all working like common sailors, and watched by armed men.

They were up and waiting beneath the cabin skylight the next morning before the day broke, and once more came the bird with a welcome message.

It was very brief, but it gave them hope in the midst of their despair, for it ran as follows:—

"You'll get no more messages, for it ar'n't safe-like, as friends are working for all on you. Never mind, lads, and let some one watch under the cabin light till something comes."

This was enigmatical, but it set them on their guard, and they worked that day more cheerfully, feeling that a plot must be on foot for their rescue; Dutch's only fear, as he gazed at the two women, being that it might come too late.

That night Dutch, weary as he was, watched himself beneath the cabin hatch; but many weary hours passed without anything but the talking of the watch being heard; and at last he felt at all hazards he must sleep, when he started, for something round and soft suddenly fell through the open light upon his head, and, feeling about on the floor, his hand came into contact with a handkerchief, in which something soft was tied up. A powder, evidently—yes, gunpowder.

He stood thinking, with about a couple of pounds of the combustible in his hand, thinking of what power it would have if exploded, and longing for the battery and the dynamite cartridges, as he thought that if matters came to the worst he would blow up the ship sooner than the women then beneath their charge should suffer insult.

During the next few days the diving work progressed steadily, and, with the exception of a few interruptions by sharks, all went well; but not the slightest sign struck Dutch as evincing a desire on the part of Rasp or Oakum to make any communication, and both he and his friends were puzzled, wondering which of them would be the faithful one, for they felt that they would be too sanguine if they imagined that both were on their side, though Mr. Parkley was as convinced that Rasp was at work for them, as Dutch was that it was Oakum.

All the while both were working hard in their interest to contrive the recapture of the ship, but the difficulty was that the whole party was so watched that they could find no means of communication; but still they hoped.

The arms were stowed in the cabin which Laure had taken for his own use, and which he shared with one of the men, whom he seemed to trust entirely; but who was a thoroughly drunken scoundrel, and who used to make Mr. Meldon's blood boil by the way he used to stand and watch Bessy Studwick whenever she was on deck in the evening, for Laure had insisted that the women should share his prisoners' walk for a couple of hours each day.

"If I could get at those tools," thought Oakum, "and pass 'em down we should be all right, and might make the scoundrels shake in their shoes." But no opportunity occurred, and the glorious bright days glided by.

The treasure had been thoroughly reached at last, and in a hopeless way Dutch and Mr. Parkley worked on, bullied sharply by Rasp, who threatened short supplies of air if more work were not done, and the consequence was that an immense treasure in silver bars was recovered, though for the most part terribly corroded and mingled with calcareous matter.

At last the time arrived when Mr. Parkley came up announcing that the last ingot had been found, and that nothing remained but the black and rotting wood.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Laure, angrily; "there must be hundreds more. Here, you Pugh, it is your turn to go down now. Make a good search, and don't come back till you have found more."

The eyes of the two men encountered as Laure spoke, and a strange foreboding feeling came over Dutch as he slowly made his preparations. It seemed to him that it was quite possible now the treasure of two sunken galleons had been recovered Laure might forego further search, having determined to make sure of his find; and if this were the case, the young man argued, he might now begin to put in force some of his former tactics. What if he were now to try to get rid of him for Hester's sake—for the sake of the woman who had repelled all his advances with contempt, but was now completely in his power.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SWISS SCHOOL CHILDREN.—It is the custom for school children in Switzerland to bring a piece of wood to school with them to help to keep the fire going.

SOME PECULIAR PEOPLE.

A Washington correspondent writes of some strange people whom he has met in that city. He says:

The first one of whom I will speak has served a long time in the naval service of a foreign country, and to-day holds a commission under the same, although he does little service in return. He is about forty years of age, and when he was in this city he was the guest of a foreign minister. His particular peculiarity was his propensity for stealing towels, his mania for them being so strong that he found it necessary to travel all the time. It mattered not where he stopped, he stole all the towels he could find. He carried his booty around the country with him, and when my attention was called to his case he had on hand sixteen large trunks full of them. He was traveling for his health at the time and was accompanied by a servant. The cost of carrying his sixteen trunks about the country is simply enormous, yet for the gratification of having them with him all of the time he freely pays the bill. He cares for nothing else in the world, and would rather steal a dirty old towel that had been used by hundreds for a week or longer, in the wash room of a depot, than anything else that could be imagined. He lives for towels and for towels alone, and still he has never bought one. He has stolen thousands and thousands of towels of all kinds, but never had the slightest desire to steal anything else. Wherever he sees a towel he will steal if he can, even if he has to hang about it for weeks. He has frequently been caught but, upon explaining his weakness, he has been released after paying for all the stolen towels that could be found in his possession. Scrapes of this kind have cost him many hundreds of dollars, all of which he pays willingly to avoid exposure. After remaining in this country a little over a year, he returned to his home, his mania having increased instead of diminishing.

The second is that of a lady now over fifty years of age. She has been an inmate of the poorhouse here for over thirty-two years, and in that time she has, although strong and healthy, never gone outside of the yard of the place, although she could go at any time, and has often been encouraged to take a walk or ride outside. She has never seen a street car, and although she can see the Capitol and other public buildings from the windows of her room, she has never been in any of them. She is always contented with her lot and never cares to hear what is going on in the world. No one knows her history except that she has made while in the poorhouse. As far as is known from admissions that she has made now and then to other female inmates when about twenty years of age she was disappointed in marriage, her intended husband having since made a mark in the scientific world. She resided in some Northern city, but what one it is not exactly known. After she heard that she was to be given up by the man she had made up her mind to love, honor and obey, she called upon him, and, ascertaining that her suspicions were true, she left her home and became dead to the world, and, coming to Washington, asked admission to the poor-house, where she has since by her own motion remained.

The next case is that of a retired captain of the English navy, who recently visited this country for the purpose of inspecting the various insane asylums, having in view the publication of a book giving an account of what he saw and thought of them. This gentleman was just as crazy as any of the insane asylum inmates he ever saw on his trip, though his insanity or peculiarity was very peculiar. He served an ordinary lifetime in the naval service of Great Britain, and was then retired on a salary sufficient to pay his expenses for the rest of his life. On all subjects, except poison, he was all right. As regards that, however, he imagined that he was the greatest and most virulent poison that ever existed. A touch from him he thought was enough to poison the world. He had seen thousands of peculiar cases in his days, and enjoyed describing them very much. He always carried two large bags with him. In one he carries from six dozen to twelve dozen handkerchiefs. In the other he carried those that he soiled. As he entered a house he, after wiping off the door knob, which he would necessarily touch, with a handkerchief, would clean off the bottom of his shoes so as not to carry any poison into the various places that he entered. He would use a handkerchief but once and throw it into the bag. When he found that his supply of clean handkerchiefs was running out he would hurry to his room and take on another stock of clean, leaving those that he imagined were poisoned to be washed. He used from 100 to 150 handkerchiefs per day. He would tell of the folly of his doing what he did, and the next moment, if he happened to touch anything, beg pardon and insist on being allowed to wipe off with a handkerchief the poison that he thought he put on when he was touched.

English farm laborers make no more than $1 50 a week and eat coarse bread. American cooks a very little American cheese a very little American bacon once a day, with turnips and mangel wurtzel beets.

A REPROACH AND ITS ANSWER.

BY F. T.

The sun cried to the laughing sea,
"Leave thy sweet willing!
Hast thou no depths of love in thee,
Too deep for smiling?"
But ever till the day was done,
The sea turned laughing to the sun.

But in the darkness and the storm,
Could he discover
What terrors lost, what fears deform
His laughing lover?
O! vainly love prays love be sad,
When his mere presence makes her glad.

ROYAL LADY WORKMANSHIP.

THE present revival of embroidery and all kinds of needle work must make every historical account of it interesting, and we find that queens at liberty, as well as poor prisoners like Mary Stewart, employed much of their time in needlework. We should be surprised now to hear that our daughters were not marriageable until they could pass an examination in work, and show that they could make a suit of clothes; yet, in Alfred the Great's time no young woman was considered fit to be a wife until she had spun for herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. Hence was a maiden termed a spinner or spinster. Later on, a correspondent of the "Spectator" after expressing very much the same feeling and pointing out all sorts of advantages from needle work for ladies, proposes, amongst other conditions tending to industry that no young woman should be allowed to marry until she had made all the linen necessary for her house. The Greek ladies always had a room set apart for work and embroidery, where they invented devices, and wrought most elaborate designs apart from the spindle and distaff. Pliny seems to be the great authority whereby to trace the accounts of ancient garments; but Homer even mentions it in many places. Helen the beautiful gave Telemachus a robe for his bride of her own work.

In ancient times every visitor of distinction was given an embroidered robe on his arrival and the patterns were most elaborate and showy, principally beasts and figures.

The Egyptians were famous for their embroidered linen corslets. No great warrior would have ventured on combat unless his linen corslet were elaborately embroidered by the fair hands of some great lady. The veil that separated the Tabernacle containing the old Law, as well as the priests' vestments, were covered with embroidery most magnificent, worked by the daughters of Israel. The Opus Anglicum was so celebrated, that it was sought after, not only in England, but by all other countries, and was cultivated and kept up through the most troublesome and disturbed times by nuns, most of them belonging to families of the highest rank. Much of this embroidery was used for the Church, and sent throughout the civilized world. The wife of William the Conqueror, in her will, bequeaths her tunic, worked at Winchester by Aldheret's wife, &c., to the Church, also her girdles for the use of lamps before altars; and the name of Dame Leviet has descended to posterity as an embroiderer to the Conqueror and his queen. Edward the Confessor's state robe was embroidered by his queen Eigitha. One of the finest specimens of old English work is the state pall belonging to the Fishmongers Company, which is known to have been used in the fourteenth century, and is a truly magnificent thing.

Then what work can come near to the famous Bayeux tapestry for extent and design? And that is, by some authorities, considered as the design and work of Matilda, queen of the Conqueror and her ladies. It has at one time been claimed as the work of the Empress Matilda, Henry I's daughter; but the short hair, and the use of the spear amongst all the figures, denote the date of the Conquest; also the absence of armorial bearings, which by the time of Henry I. were usual, more especially the Norman leopards. This magnificent work is two hundred and twenty seven feet in length. The embroideresses seem to have been limited in their colors, as they have worked the horses in blue, green and red. The foundation is linen canvas.

Queen Adelicia, Henry I's second wife, was distinguished for beauty, high talent and her love of needlework. The scarf in which she embroidered for her father in silk and gold was celebrated throughout Europe for the taste and skill it displayed. Falling into the hands of the Bishop of Liege, it was used in the processions of St. Lambert's Church there until the great French Revolution, when the church was destroyed. The field which it was taken was until quite a few years, it is said, called "Field of the Standard." This fine embroidery is the more surprising when we consider what rough needles they must have had. There seems to record of steel needles being made until the middle of the fifteenth century, and even then they were very rude. The loss of a needle formed the entire plot of nearly the earliest comedy known, "Gammer Gurton's Needle." The author is said to have been a Bishop of Bath and Wells about 1560 A. D.

All this may sound digressive, but it is simply a very short sketch of what one might write to show the favor and consequence given to needlework amongst the noble of all lands. Joan d'Albert Queen of Navarre in 1555, was another example of an accomplished woman, of a vigorous and cultivated understanding, who employed herself, and those about her, in the most elaborate needlework. She wrought large designs of tapestry, allegorical and descriptive of her own feelings. Anne of Brittany, "the good" Queen of France assembled three hundred of the children of her nobility at her court, where they were educated under her own superintendence, according to their rank, and most especial care and attention was given to needlework, useful as well as ornamental. Her daughter, wife of Francis the First, continued the practice. Queen Anne Boleyn was educating at her court, but we do not find that she occupied herself afterwards in anything so quiet. The practice of working together seems to have been kept up at the French court for a great length of time. Catherine de Medicis spent two or three hours daily in embroidery with her attendants. She summoned to France an Italian, F. de Vinciolo, to teach her ladies the art of darned netting and reticule, of which ruffles were then made. Queen Catherine of Arragon employed the ladies of her court in work, working with them for hours, her needles indeed have been eulogized in verse and specimens of it are mentioned as left in the Tower and many other places, now, unfortunately, no more disappointed. Queen Katherine Parr may be mentioned as an exception to the rule. She had been told that her stars foretold her to be a queen; so when her mother urged her to work, she replied, "My hands were ordained to touch crowns and sceptres, not needles and spindles."

A piece of embroidery on white satin, representing the finding of Moses, with various figures, trees, animals, and an elaborate border, was exhibited in 1873, which appears to correspond well with the work of this date. No worker's name was put to it; but, as it was usual to mark work then, and this piece has K. P. in the centre, one is inclined to attribute it to the great Bluebeard's unfortunate wife.

To return to royalty. The exhibition of 1873 showed eighteen pieces of baby linen made by Queen Elizabeth for Queen Mary, also various other articles of fancy, and a pocket-book worked by either Elizabeth or Mary; for before their quarrel and jealousies, and even after, they constantly exchanged presents in pieces of work with each other. A cushion shown as Elizabeth's work, was in silk and wool, on canvas, in tent and cross stitch, with her initials signed "E. R.," and given to her governess, C. Astley. In the British Museum may be seen many embroidered book covers by celebrated people; and one, which is worked in applique canvas on red silk by Elizabeth when princess, is also written by her hand. "H. K." is worked on the cover with roses and various ornaments. It has a dedication to her father.

Amy Robsart must be included in the workers of celebrity. A pair of curtains are preserved, which are worked on twilled cotton in worsted and crewel embroidery, done by her.

A piece of patchwork is also extant, in gold and several [illegible], 28 inches by 23 inches, worked by Annie eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell.

Katherine, of Braganza, seems to have left work by just her, also still to be seen. Amongst it an embroidery representing her marriage to Charles, signed "K. R.," and a sampler in a frame, in colored silks with this inscription: "The 21 daye of May was our marriage daye."

Mary II. kept her ladies always at work, and sometimes joined them, but often read aloud to keep them occupied. At Hampton Court Palace many of the chair and sofa covers are the result of this industry.

A counterpane in point lace stitch and lace border is shown, done by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who, though not a queen, certainly ruled one. There is also to be seen a curious quilted linen curtain, embroidered by the Ladies Leslie in the seventeenth century, with their initials often repeated in the centre of the flowers; again, a satin petticoat quilted by Sir Isaac Newton's mother. A curious counterpane, worked in the seventeenth century by a Miss Whitfield, is embroidered with silk, from worms of her own rearing, and shows in it a combination of four different stitches and fine monograms.

Queen Marie Antoinette, of France, even in her gayest days, spent many hours at her embroidery frame. One style of work in the French court at that time was peculiar, and must have been most unpopular amongst the gentlemen. It was called nutwisting. The ladies went about with two little bags, one containing gold, fringes, tassels, laces, and little pieces of gold thread, which they unravelled, placed in the other bag, and then sold to the Jews. The gentlemens court costumes, and even the dressed wigs, were covered with gold, which the ladies made no ceremony about cutting off. The French ladies also knitted a good deal at the French court, and from them, it is said, have come most of the beautiful designs of flowers, fruit, and baskets to be found of that date in English country houses, made by the great ladies, done on quilted materials, in very flat embroidery stitch, with silks and gold for counterpanes, bed hangings, etc. The Duchess of Norfolk, wife of the ninth duke, as well as her sisters, have left much of such work behind them. They had young lady helps; that is, all their visitors were made to assist, as ladies of the courts did their respective queens. How about their present lady helps? They are not the housekeeper's room; why should they not embroider our furniture as part of their business? In England, too, at that time, ladies copied pictures in hair, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne in 1779 left an unfinished copy of a sketch by Geuercino, in this hair work.

In the early part of George III. particular attention was given to embroidery in an institution for orphans of the clergy, by special desire of Queen Charlotte, and there is a bed hanging and valance done by the pupils there—a very fine specimen. Queen Charlotte herself did a great deal of tambour applique work, and even had her own embroiderer, a Miss Braham, who has left with her name a handsome embroidered chair, as well as other things.

This brings us near our own time. After an apparent neglect of the art in England, we find work revived at the beginning of this century by the Berlin patterns on canvas. In 1810 a book was published in Berlin by Witton on the subject, and by degrees it became the rage in England. Queen Adelaide did much of it, and liked her ladies always to work at something of the kind in the evening. Berlin work has gradually vanished from our rooms, and in all of our improvement to art and science we owe to the first great exhibition. Thanks to the ideas it gave, we are now reviving all that skill and taste, so well developed in the last century, in our work, our furniture, and producing, by thus cultivating the eye and mind of workers and buyers, such improved designs in our manufactories. So much, by more skilful pens than mine, has been written on work, that old tapestries, and such subjects that, though volumes might yet be said, I have confined myself to queens, or those immediately connected with them, to show how in the well-known lines of Taylor:

The needle prov'd an instrument
Of profit, pleasure and of ornament,
Which mighty queens have graced in hand to take.

The first shipment of canned meats and vegetables from this country to India was made a few days ago.

John Harris of Harding Springs, Ky., is still digging for a gold mine which an angel revealed to his his wife. He has made a hole in the earth about eighteen feet wide and forty feet deep, and is still pressing on in the work each day more confident of reaching the goal and gold.

Berlin is experimenting with electric lighting for the illumination of streets and factories. In respect to this matter of lighting there is more enterprise shown in Germany than there was with a good deal to stretch a parallel, which were not introduced there until long after every one-horse city in the United States could boast of them.

"Zadkiel," is a London astrologer whom all adore, yet whose books of prophesy everybody buys. He gives obscure prophesies which sometimes come true in a remarkable manner. For instance, he prophesied the disaster of the British arms at the Cape of Good Hope [illegible]. He has sold [illegible] copies of his almanac this year, and it is still in brisk demand.

New Publications.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., of New York, have just issued the second volume of their series of Great American Authors, which gives a biographical sketch and steel portrait of William Cullen Bryant. We have already alluded to the merits of this series, which supplies in a cheap and popular form a concise biographical sketch of the prominent American authors, which have hitherto been attainable either in a very expensive form, or an unsatisfactorily brief one. The form in which Messrs. Sheldon have offered the series should make them very popular, and a desirable acquisition to one's library, for they are written in a pleasant anecdotal style; attractive in binding and typography. They are sold at the low price of $1 a volume. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Ocean Wonders, a companion for the Seaside, is the title of a very attractive volume by W. E. Damon, just published by Appleton & Co., of New York, and is a full realization of the title, for it is not only a charming companion for the seaside, but an exceedingly entertaining one for any locality. The wonders of the ocean are full of fascinating interest, yet involved in more or less mystery to the majority of the people, so the author supplies in this volume a long felt need of concise, yet reliable, information on marine life. It includes a careful and practical instruction how and where to prepare private or public aquaria, which adds an additional attraction to the volume. It is profusely illustrated, and should be a popular book for the summer. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Baths and Bathing is the title of the latest addition to the series of Health Primers, published by Appleton & Co., of New York. The subject is one of especial interest in hygiene and involves a variety of opinion as to the proper use of the bath, so the reader will find the volume full of useful hints. It discusses the physiological action of baths, and the many varieties of baths, including a description of the various medicinal baths abroad. Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger of this city, have the series for sale at 40 cents a volume.

The Natural Resources of the United States is the title of a valuable little volume by J. Harris Patton and designed to give one a concise account of the resources of this country. It includes everything of importance in the many branches of the subject, and is full of comprehensive information. Published by Appleton & Co., of New York, and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger of this city.

A Thorough Bohemienne, by Mad. Charles Reybaud is a recent number of Appleton's Handy Volume Series. The scene is laid in Brittany and introduces well-drawn types of two phases of character in the two heroines, Mademoiselle de Kerbeojean who represents the higher class, and the "little Bohemienne Mimi," who is the daughter of a traveling mountebank; by his sudden death she becomes the protege of the Count de Kerbeojean, and the subsequent events in her life are told with a variety of incidents the result of which show the influence of bohemian characteristics, and betraying such a curious anomaly of nature as gives it a peculiar interest. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Greek Hero Stories is the title of a charming little volume which will be a welcome to youthful students and readers of mythology. The preface tells us that Niebuhr wrote them for his little boy, adapting them especially to childish comprehension, and they now are presented by that son to the youthful public. They are written with charming simplicity of style and graphically illustrated by Hoppin. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York are the publishers.

A new edition of Charles Blanc's Grammar of Painting and Engraving, translated by Mrs. Doggett, has just been issued by Grigg [illegible]. This work is one that [illegible] every artist and lover of art, but every reader who desires to understand clearly, pleasantly and intelligently the true principles of art and artistic taste. The key note to the author's theory is that [illegible] but to initiate [illegible] by means of imitation, and this position is most admirably illustrated by rules and examples and arguments drawn from the great masters. It is a most lucid summary intended for popular use, and comprises everything important or necessary to know in the arts of design, the laws of perspective, composition, chiaroscuro and color; fresco, wax, distemper, oil, pastel, [illegible] water-color and engraving in all the different forms. Nothing could possibly surpass it in its method of treating the various matters under discussion. It is so very rarely that a work of this character is issued, so excellently adapted to the artistic world, and at the same time of superior value and interest to the general reader, that it deserves the very highest praise. In fact, for the object intended, it is the finest publication in our language. It is magnificently [illegible] and printed. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price $5 00.

Joan the Maid, Deliverer of France and England is the title of a story of the Fifteenth Century, done into modern English by the author of the Chronicles of Schonberg-Cotta Family. The story is recited by one Sir Percival, an English Knight who took part in the siege of Orleans, and who, as a prisoner in the hands of the French, had opportunities for studying the personality and surroundings of Jeanne d'Arc. He visited France, and one Peter the Wright, who is made to figure as the representative of the English yeoman of the period. The author succeeds in presenting Jeanne d'Arc as a very real personage who, whatever might be the real nature of her claims to supernatural inspiration, firmly believed that she had a mission to accomplish, and who succeeded in making both the French and English believe that she had a mission. The descriptions of Jeanne's entry [illegible] and of the progress of the siege, are admirable pen-pictures. Altogether the work is of the greatest interest either as a contribution to history or for mere entertainment, and among the numerous volumes on this subject it particularly recommends itself both for the vividness of the narrative and the novelty of its style. Dodd & Mead, Publishers. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price, $1.50.

Alexander Stewart, of Proctorsville, Vt., the alleged cousin of the late A. T. Stewart, has returned to his wood-pile, and it is said that Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton gave him a sum of money which will place him beyond the reach of want for the rest of his days.

While the British have the largest and most powerful fleet the Italians are still a step in advance in the matter of guns. Their [illegible] are [illegible] they are building ships to carry thicker armor as well as heavier guns than those of the British navy.

Our Young Folks.

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.

BY A. H. HOPE

WHILE the old kingdom of fairyland still flourished, there was kept in it a school of young fairies, who were all and always as good and happy and pretty as some of the children of our world sometimes are.

These fairies, you understand, were all girls. Hard by their school was another for the boys of fairyland, elves as they were called, who in every way were unlike their sweet sisters. The elves are by nature ugly and stupid, noisy and mischievous, greedy and ill natured. Almost the only good point in their character appeared to be that they felt half-ashamed half-afraid to associate with their sisters seeing how different these were to themselves; indeed, they had a vulgar school-rhyme, which said that fairies were made of sugar and spice, and all that was nice, but that elves were made of [illegible] and snails and such worse things.

[illegible] But by and by there [illegible] ever to be fairyland [illegible] no fairy should [illegible] and the power of working wonders [illegible] grammar, and [illegible] and natural philosophy.

This new state of things made a great difference in the lives of the fairy young people. They had to give up most of their pretty gambols in the fresh air, and spend long hours in a schoolroom of dry branches strewn with withered leaves, which they used as slates and copybooks. [illegible] pencil to write [illegible] and patient teaching, and [illegible] stupidity, the queen of fairyland offered a prize to whoever could first say the multiplication table correctly.

You may be sure the idle elves did not compete for this prize; they rather trifled away their school hours, playing noughts and crosses on pieces of bark, or eating mush [illegible] their pockets on the way of [illegible] to one another, [illegible]. If any of them got [illegible] to know it.

The fairies, however, [illegible] best of it was [illegible] right [illegible] the dormitories [illegible] the [illegible]

There was one, however, [illegible] young [illegible] took so much pains in [illegible] pause her teacher that she could not [illegible] doing [illegible] the rest [illegible] was able to repeat the [illegible] perfectly on every way, [illegible] backwards and forwards, [illegible] and here was [illegible] the prize was [illegible] her with [illegible] and congratulations of the whole school.

Now, when a fairy elf is to have a prize it is not given in the form of a book or a [illegible] because [illegible] possess and no desire to [illegible] as nothing [illegible] but [illegible] that extreme is never [illegible] So when the queen of the fairies graciously gave her what she wished, that is, [illegible] and [illegible] kindly.

If you please, madam, I should like so much to [illegible] and do something to make [illegible] happy. I mean only [illegible] have [illegible] and [illegible] to one another. Yesterday I looked [illegible] some of their houses and saw a [illegible] his wife and a child [illegible] It must look wretched [illegible]

"My dear," answered the queen gravely after a moment's reflection, "if you have set your heart upon it you shall have your way. Yes, for once you may go into the world and try if you can spread [illegible] and [illegible] have a notion that [illegible] deserve [illegible]

The fairy thanked her with sparkling eyes, and so it was settled, and [illegible] night she was to have [illegible] key of Miss Fortune's [illegible] with the [illegible] by it.

A [illegible] to give [illegible] her [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] all [illegible] But [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is like a flaming candle light
Placed in a window on a summer's night;
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there;
Those that are out butt heads against the pane;
Those that are in butt to get out again.

THE EPIGRAM OF COMPLIMENT.

If I were asked to name the list of those who wielded the grand style in compliment, I think I should name Sidney Smith. It was he, you remember, who when a young lady, looking at some flowers in a garden, remarked, "I fear that pea will never come to perfection," took her by the hands and said, "Permit me to lead perfection to the pea." What would some of us not give nowadays to be able to say anything so spontaneous and so admirable as that! What would we not give, too, if we could put together four such lines as those which Sidney Smith wrote on the subject of Professor Airey, the astronomer, and his beautiful wife? Keep in mind the avocation of the gentleman and the beauty of the lady, and you will be charmed with this:—

"Airey alone has gained the double prize
Which forced musicians to divide the crown
His works have raised a mortal to the skies,
His marriage vows have drawn an angel down."

The allusion to the famous passage in Dryden's Alexander's Feast will of course be observed by everybody.

Then, if you want something to place beside that quatrain, take this couplet by Luttrell, which is better known by far than the lines just quoted, and comes down to us with the imprimatur of the poet Rogers: I mean the distich upon Miss Tree, the singer, afterwards Mrs. Bradshaw, of whom Luttrell said:

"On this Tree it a nightingale settles and sings,
The Tree will return her as good as she brings."

Or take those equally well-known lines of Lord Erskine, addressed to Lady Payne one day after he had been complaining of illness at her house:

"'Tis true I'm ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew pleasure that never knew Payne."

The latter perhaps, is just the least bit obvious; but the former is—what Rogers called it—"quite a little fairy tale."

A very happy compliment in the form of a pun upon a name, was perpetrated by James Smith in reference to Maria Edgeworth, whose highly-improving narratives are not, to be sure, so popular as they were once upon a time. Smith wrote of her:

"We every-day bards may 'Anonymous' sign;
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth,
The bad own their edge, and the good own their worth."

I am not aware that the writer of this epigram got anything in return for his neat saying, but we know that he did so in the case of his lines on Mr. Strahan the King's Printer. These line ran as follows:

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk,
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

Strahan was so delighted with the lines that he immediately made a codicil to his will, bequeathing Smith the sum of three hundred pounds. It is doubtful, I should say, whether any literary effort was ever so admirably remunerated.

It was to be expected that we should find in the works of Moore—the bright and the vivacious—instances, and particularly happy ones of the epigram of compliment. Moore lived in an atmosphere of such things, and had the ability at once to conceive and execute them. A genuine wit, if there ever was one, he had just the requisite facility and felicity of verse, and could turn a quatrain more artistically than almost any other poet of his day. The following is worth quoting because it recalls epigrams very much the same in point by at least two earlier writers. For example, Moore wrote in these terms:

"ON A LADY.

With women and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day;
God be praised that the fate of mankind, my dear madam,
Depends not on us the same way.

For weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue then;
Like Adam, I'd gladly take from thee the apple,
Like Paris, at once give it to thee."

Robert Fergusson, one of the melancholy group of "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," had already written before Moore, "on being asked which of the Three Sisters was most beautiful:"

"When Paris gave his voice in Ida's grove,
For the resistless Venus, Queen of Love,
'Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,
When she alone was exquisitely fair.

But here, what could his ablest judgment teach,
When wisdom, power and beauty reign in each?
The youth nonplussed, behooved to join with me
And wish the apple had been cut in three."

Of course the idea here is not quite identical with that of Moore; but both writers use the legend of Paris and the apple to give distinction to their clever rhymes. And so does Allan Ramsey in a quatrain written probably before Fergusson was born—this was "On receiving an Orange from a Lady:"

"Now, Priam's son, thou may st be mute,
For I can blithely boast with thee;
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me."

This, however, is rather elegant hyperbole than wit Let us take something which is truly epigrammatic in its nature. Let us take, for example, the four lines which Dr. Wolcot wrote when his nightcap, which had been lent to him by Nelson, caught fire in a candle and was nearly burned:

"Take your nightcap again, my good lord, I desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it."

Take, again, Lord Lyttleton's lines on Lady Brown—if, indeed, they *are* Lord Lyttleton's. They are attributed to him, and not unreasonably. He wrote:

"When I was young and debonnaire,
The brownest nymph to me was fair;
But now I'm old and wiser grown,
The fairest nymph to me is Brown."

He also wrote of Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk:

"Her wit and beauty for a court were made,
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade."

Another excellent example of elegant hyperpole.

I must not, however, pass over Burns, who, amidst much in the way of epigram that was both savage and brutal, wrote a good deal that was both polished and good tempered. To a beautiful girl who professed to believe in the principles of "liberty and equality," he addressed the following:

"How liberty! girl, can it by thee be named?
Equality, too, hussey! art not ashamed?
Free and equal, indeed, while mankind thou enchained,
And over their hearts as a depot thou reignedl"

Grains of Gold.

Do not betray the confidence of any one.

This world is the infant school of the soul.

Be rigid to yourself and gentle to others.

He who knows the road can ride at a full trot.

One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.

Let your word be your bond. Good credit is a fortune to begin with.

The silent eye is often a more powerful conqueror than the noisy tongue.

To abstain from a small thing is more difficult than to undertake a great one.

Never enter the room noisily, never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

An avaricious man is like a sandy desert—sucking in all the rain, and giving back no fruit.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or your enemy as yourself.

The memory of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our acts—goes before or comes after.

Time is what we want most, but use worst, and for which we must account when time is no more.

Every effect has its cause, and every man must reap as he sows. To thrive or suffer is his actual desert.

Never fail to tell the truth. If truthful, you get your reward. You will get your punishment if you deceive.

Never enter a room filled with people without making a slight bow to the general company when first entering.

If we wish our children to revere high things—things simple, pure, lovely, and of good report—we must set them the example.

We should enjoy our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.

As the western clouds are tinged with gold even after the sun is lost to view, so does the memory of a kind act bring a smile to the face when its author may be forgotten.

The hard strata of circumstances through which one's life rill must filter and force its way may make it purer and clearer, just as all hard strata are the filtering stones of water.

Be assured that there is nothing more tractable than the human mind. You need but will and it is done, it is set right—as, on the contrary, you need but nod over the work, and it is ruined.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

They who tread life's pathway ever bearing on their faces an expression of cheerfulness are radiant ministers of good to mankind. They scatter sunshine on all they meet; depression and gloom fade away in their presence.

Silent, patient, continuous labor does more than noisy talk or vain boasting. Silent labor accomplishes and makes visible something that is enduring, while idle talk, like the babbling of a shallow brook, evinces more noise than strength.

One who is injured ought not to return the injury, as the multitude think; for on no account can it be right to do an injustice. Therefore, it is not right to return an injury or to do evil to any man, however we may have suffered from him.

When you hear an evil story of one you know to be good, discredit it, and say so. Grapes are not gathered from thistles; neither do thistles grow on a grape vine. The fruit tells you from what tree it came, but you also know what fruit a tree is likely to bear.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and from without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on Providence, is most unfaltering.

Never let a lie go to seed in your souls. If you should happen to be tempted into telling a falsehood, let it be plucked out by a proper confession of your fault as quickly as possible. Pluck it out and cast it from you, for of the noxious weeds that find root in the garden of the soul, none go to seed more quickly, or multiply more rapidly, than does falsehood.

There are one hundred and eighty-five tribes of Indians yet left in the United States.

A Texas paper estimates that there were at least three hundred persons murdered in that State last year. Twelve men were executed.

Femininities.

A Boston girl wears limbbings during severe weather.

We would rather trust a vivacious woman than a vain one.

Cricket is the favorite pastime of the girls in a South of England school.

He sued for her hand before marriage, and her hand sewed for him after.

An advertising jeweller compares the "water" of his diamonds to "widows' tears."

An Indiana man was divorced from one woman and married to another within an hour.

"Ma, why are ladies called 'mum?'"—"Why?—why, because they talk so little, of course!"

Queen Victoria, it is rumored, has expressed a strong wish to see Canada, and the Prince of Wales is encouraging her to visit both that country and the United States.

An ugly young lady is always anxious to marry, and young gentlemen are seldom anxious to marry her. This is resultant of two mechanical powers, the inclined plain, and leave her.

"There are too many women in the world sixty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival' of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.

Rebecca at the well wore a nose-ring—not ear-rings. "I put the ring upon her nose and bracelets upon her hands," the Hebrew reads, though the Septuagint and the Vulgate have an incorrect rendering.

Of course no woman ever did such a thing, but supposing now, for the sake of argument, as it were, that a woman was to go to church for the purpose of showing off her new sacque, would it be sac-religious, so to speak?

Correspondence cards now have fairylike Japanese fans in blue and silver and coral and gold embossed in the corner, others have odd little ornaments in the same colors and metals making a bright spot in the right hand upper corner.

Mrs. M. C. Williams has succeeded her late husband as president of the State National Bank of Raleigh, North Carolina—the first instance we believe, in the United States, where a lady has assumed direction of a banking institution.

A young, attractive and fashionable lady of good connections in Lowell, and formerly a school teacher there, is reputed to have fled the city to escape arrest for forging her mother's name on notes with which to procure fine apparel, &c.

Bloomington, Illinois, has a female Superintendent of the Schools. Under this lady's management the school work has greatly increased interest in it, and the percentage of tardiness has during the past year decreased amazingly.

In England the royal bounty rewards the woman who gives birth to three children at once, and the same mark of approval is bestowed in China, with this modification, however, that in the latter country all the children must be males—a provision probably due to the prejudice of the Chinese against girls.

The King of Siam has a body guard of female warriors. It is composed of 400 girls, chosen from among the strongest and most handsome of all the ladies in the land. At the age of thirteen they enter the service and remain in it until they are twenty-five, when they pass into the reserve. Their weapon is the lance.

A crazy woman wandered into San Francisco four years ago. She said that she had walked across the continent, and gave various histories of herself. Investigation showed that she had really made the journey on foot. She was put into an insane asylum. Lately she was sought out by a nephew who had slowly traced her movements. She proved to be Mrs. Kahman of St. Louis, and the owner of an estate worth $130,000.

Deadwood must be a nice paradise for a school teacher. A certain woman waltzed into a public school there recently with a pistol in one hand and a cowhide in the other, seeking revenge for the expulsion of her boy from the school. Luckily for the teacher, the woman knew as much about firearms as a cat knows about Sunday, and while she was trying to pull the trigger of the cowhide, she was disarmed and ejected, and she is now taking lessons in shooting.

A general revival of business is reported in the Ohio iron regions, and manufacturers are overwhelmed with orders at advanced prices.

Coral and diamonds are now all the fashion in Vienna since the Empress appeared at the Industrielien ball with this combination for the first time.

There are 250 000 thousand Indians in the United States and Alaska, and of that number more than half wear clothes like white men, with the exception of false teeth.

The Milwaukee (Wis.) Bee reports that the announcement of new buildings for the present season are coming in so fast that the papers do not get time enough to dwell on the details before their attention is called to the next.

The steamship Great Eastern is something of an elephant on the hands of the company that owns it She is lying idle, and, as her engines are out of date, there is little chance of finding employment for her. It would cost $200 000 to fit her with proper engineery.

A traveling salesman for a Chicago firm established a store of his own at Berlin Heights Ohio, and left it in charge of his wife and a clerk. On returning from a long trip he found that the clerk had sold all the goods and fled with the money. On further investigation he learned that the clerk had taken his wife, too.

In France, recently, a railroad company was condemned to pay three hundred francs for having delayed a funeral. A gentleman left Paris for Mottgny with the body of his mother-in-law. On reaching his destination it was found that the baggage car containing the corpse had been switched off at the wrong station, and there was a delay of obsequies for twenty-four hours.

Facetiæ.

"Letters of Credit"—Cr.

"Ways that are dark"—Tunnels.

"A letter righter"—The proof reader.

"Spiritual comfort"—A glass of whisky.

The original backbiter was no doubt the flea.

"Matches against time"—Striking them on the clock.

Jonah was the first conundrum—The whale gave him up

When Chinamen play billiards they never use their own queues.

Among would-be gentry the boots and hats are frequently the only things polished.

The coachman elopement story from Connecticut is true. There is a stable foundation for it.

So much is said about the poor mule that it is certainly only natural it should kick against it.

Chambers, the pugilist is said to be *au fait* as a barkeeper, but Clark does not like his punches.

"Cream color," which is a popular shade, varies as in the milk trade from a beautiful blue to yellow.

With reference to peaceful or hostile measures if you point your finger at a goat, he may give you a butt.

Mrs. Moore, the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," claims to be descended from the poet Moore on the husband's side.

As an item of fashion news, it may be mentioned that ice cut diagonally will continue as a fringe for mint-juleps the present season.

When the farmer's wife wants to know what they are going to do with the cream left over from the butter-making, he simply says, "Oh, cheese it!"

George Washington never did tell a lie, but he often used to say he was afraid he would have done so, had he gone to Delaware and raised peaches.

His name was Jacob, and somebody put his eye in mourning for views expressed. His Biblical friends, however, all say it reminds them very much of Jacob's Well.

An Englishman recently carried eleven thousand pounds through this city without any assistance whatever. It was in his pocket in the shape of a banker's draft.

The character of a cause depends upon how you look at it. A burglar caught in a bank, explains that his principal object there was the interest of the establishment.

A young lady over the river thinks it's better to have the gas-jet turned low Sunday night when her beau's there. She wisely believes that one "flame" in the room is enough at a time.

The worst thing about a band of serenaders warbling, "Wake, Lady Wake," is that the old man generally monopolizes the waking business, and becomes frantic till he gets the shot gun.

It requires rare presence of mind for a young man, while walking with his girl, to have a pawnbroker nod to him, and then explain to his companion that the party is an eminent Western judge.

If you catch a darkey lifting the sheets off the fence where they have been placed to dry, allow him to explain. In nine cases out of ten you will find he was merely moving them to see if the fence didn't need whitewashing.

None of the ancient tongues furnishes anything whatever in the way of an energetic, solid oath. Considering, however, that with the shirts they wore, buttons had no chance to get lost, there really was no need or field for swearing.

Job had some million of boils, and stood them bravely. If he had to listen to "Pinafore," however, from morning till night, with pistols and other means of redress within reach, yet not daring to use them, his character for patience would hardly stand so high as it does.

Scientists have never yet tried to explain why it is that when a woman gets a new suit, she wears it in the most public promenade; while a man under similar circumstances either seeks the back streets or wishes it would continue night until the creases left the breeches at least.

It is now said they have invented tableware that will not break. If true, such an invention should never become popular. When a man gets mad at his wife and wants to cool his feelings by smashing the breakfast dishes, what satisfaction has life for him if the cussed things wont do it?

A connoisseur in eating, living at an uptown boarding house, claimed to know the particular steer the roast then on the table was from, and the next morning at breakfast asserted the beefsteak was sole-leather from the same animal. This would seem to be carrying matters too far.

If boys show a natural liking for scaling fences and climbing trees, do not break them of the habit. In the married days to come this accomplishment may be of inestimable value to them in escaping matrimonial conflicts by quietly climbing up the back-shed at midnight and getting in the second story window.

Writing masters are continually insisting upon the value of neat penmanship in the affairs of life. The fallacy of this is shown, however, by the different reception accorded by a bank cashier to a series of hieroglyphics purporting to be the signature of one of those demi-gods known as bankers.

The consumption of rubber by our manufacturers continues as large as ever, the imports amounting to about 12,000 pounds per annum, chiefly from South America. The price ranges from 20 to 30 cents per pound.

EXPOSURE TO DRAFTS WHEN HEATED, and sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, are prolific sources of severe Colds, from which many cases of Inflammation of the lungs, Pleurisy, Asthma, and other Pulmonary Affections are developed. Should you unfortunately contract A Cold, resort at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy that will not only promptly cure Coughs and Colds, but will relieve and strengthen the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs, and remove all dangerous symptoms.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

VARIETY seems to be the key note which gives us the tone of Fashion's caprices for the Spring, for it is chiefly suggestive of the predominance of combination in everything, which extends its influence over materials as well as colors, the use of which calls forth the exercise of the most artistic skill and taste to achieve the desired effect with a result which is novel, yet harmonious in all its details. This wide field of variety which Fashion has so liberally opened for the selection of all the accessories of dress, has broken down the barriers which formerly defined the limits of each season's fashions, and individuality was merged into a despotic unity of style regardless of the influence of form and feature, both of which now can find the happiest expression that individual taste can exercise or prefer, and yet remain within the precincts of Fashion's domain.

This rich variety of design and material is not only visible in all dress fabrics, but in the various departments of millinery, and instead of one shape leading the popular patronage, and one style of trimming absorbing the general preference, every bonnet has some especial feature which makes them all attractive, by which each one attains its own special popularity to the exclusion of none, while in trimmings there is the same diversity of attractions, and the popularity is shared alike by flowers, feathers, lace and ribbons. Such variety suggests the idea that Fashion has sacrificed, for this season at least, her own caprices, which are generally exclusive to the caprices of her votaries, which are as diverse as they are unlimited.

The "openings," or displays of fresh attractions follow each other so rapidly now, the perplexing questions of dress, or "what to buy," are perplexing only by the *embarras de richesses*, in materials which surround one on all sides.

Conspicuous among the many openings of the season is the one recently given at the Grand Depot, its success being one of many others, confirming the fact that the Grand Depot has become an institution which Philadelphia can not dispense with; and as each season increases its merits and advantages, it creates also a keener appreciation of them. The recent opening was devoted more especially to bonnets and wraps, so I will give my readers a sketch of these, and leave other attractions for a later description.

Among the many which elicited general admiration was a very distinguished bonnet of Leghorn, imported from M'lle. Georgette. The wider brim was cut on the edge in "waits of Troy," and slightly depressed in front and rolled at the sides. A facing of corn colored satin was covered by a pleating of Breton lace. A large rosette of corn colored satin on one side of the crown concealed the fastening of a large white ostrich Mercutio plume which drooped over the crown and brim, wide strings of corn-colored satin.

Another Leghorn bonnet was decidedly unique in shape, having a large crown and wide brim divided in front, each being turned back towards the crown, a shirring of straw-colored silk formed the facing. A band of satin the same shade encircled the crown, on one side of which was a cluster of straw color and white ostrich tips; on the other, a half wreath of Jacqueminot buds.

Another distinguished bonnet was of white chip with a large crown, and wide brim indented in front, and faced with corn-colored silk and a band of gendarme blue silk. A bow of gold lace edged the outside of the brim; a large Alsatian bow of corn-colored satin held in place a full ostrich feather of the same shade with willow tips of gendarme blue; a handsome Genoise gilt buckle ornamented the other side.

The Shepherdess, or gipsy shape, had many charming illustrations, among which was one of white chip faced with blue satin; three large bows of blue gros grain ribbon surmounted the brim, from which extended a full cluster of tea roses and buds without foliage. Another one of similar shape, was faced with a shirring of white satin; a cluster of white satin loops held a white ostrich tip, from which drooped a half wreath of pink roses and ivy leaves.

A Directoire shape in white chip was faced with a pleating of Breton lace; a large Alsatian bow of blue ribbon on top mingled with a full quilling of Breton lace, which was brought over the crown to the back, where it surrounded a large cluster of pink roses and white verbena.

A very effective bonnet of reed straw with chip brim, was trimmed with loops of gendarme blue satin ribbon, and a cluster of large yellow poppies leaves and buds. In the inside was a shirring of blue satin, and blue band with yellow satin rosette. A white chip with brim turned up on one side was faced with garnet velvet. A double pleating of Breton lace, and a roll of garnet satin encircled the crown with white ostrich tips on one side.

Among the many distinguished black lace bonnets was one of Virot's much admired designs in the small capote shape. The brim was bound with a wide jet galloon and trimmed with several pleatings of black thread lace. The crown was embroidered in jet and crossed by a scarf of lace embroidered in jet and edged each side with full pleatings of thread lace. A large jet ornament on the upper part of the crown fastened an Alsatian bow of black satin ribbon and a Prince of Wales cluster of black tips.

A very *soigne & fini* design from this department, was a black lace Marie Stuart shape with the edge and crown embroidered in jet, the trimming consisting of black satin ribbon, feathers and lace very gracefully arranged.

Another, from the same source, was of black lace with a wide brim dented in scallops and bound with jet. A full cascade of black and white Breton lace encircled the crown, and on the other a black and white willow feather.

An admired addition to the variety of shapes was a white chip coronet, faced with garnet velvet. An India mull scarf, edged with pleatings of Breton lace was laid in soft folds around the crown and formed strings, on one side of the front was a white marabout feather holding a bright-hued humming bird and white aigrette.

An odd shape was of white chip cut up in the back and the space filled in with pink rose buds and leaves with a quilling of Breton lace, a large blue Alsatian bow in front with a Rhine Stone in the centre.

A Tuscan Beefeater shape was trimmed with a straw-color facing, straw colored strings passed through the large square crown and a cluster of large white chrysanthemum, leaves and heather on top.

Among the mourning bonnets was a stylish turban design with a soft crown of gros grain silk and shirred front. Loops of black ribbon on one side and on the other a large bouquet of black currants and poppies, with jet centres.

There was also a charming variety of bonnets of more simple design and trimming in which some of the lovely new ribbons formed the leading trimming combined with a cluster of flowers, the prices of which placed them within the reach of the most economically inclined.

Breton lace was a conspicuous feature of the more dressy style combined with a cluster of large full-blown roses or chrysanthemums, both without leaves.

A lovely bonnet for a little girl, was a small close cap shape, in white chip, the crown composed of blue forget-me-nots, in the centre of which was a rosette of blue satin ribbon.

Although the season for round hats has scarcely been inaugurated, I saw a number of stylish designs, one of which was the Edinburgh shape resembling the turban, with round crown, and rolling brim, faced with pipings of black satin and velvet. A scarf of black satin surrounded the crown, and several full ostrich tips fastened far back on the left side drooped over the back. An English Derby of drab straw was trimmed with a double scarf of drab satin and peach-blossom satin, with steel ornaments holding a gray pheasant's breast.

Leaving the many attractions of bonnets, flowers, and feathers, we will discuss some of the manifold attractions of spring wraps, which in gracefulness of shape and style of trimming excel the designs of past seasons. The most prominent shape, and one which has an adaptability to all figures, is the scarf-shape mantle; a seam in the centre of the back make it fit in to the figure with a slight curve. The square back is rounded up slightly, so as droop a little on the sides; it falls over the arm more than the fichu, and terminates in front in long, square, or pointed ends, and is closed or open at the throat.

Among the immense collection of spring wraps displayed by Mr. Wanamaker, were choice varieties of the scarf mantelet, the fichu, the dolman, the Louis XV coat, and the round mantilla. The following were especially notable for their stylish and graceful shape, and richness of trimming. A mantelet of heavy corded silk with the scarf back curved up on the edge, so as to droop in a slight point on each side. The trimming consisted of double rows of lace pleatings with a wide jet passementerie between and a crimped fringe on the edge. A small pointed hood was simulated by pleatings of lace and a jet pendant passementerie with satin bows.

An exquisite little mantle of gros grain silk of a similar shape, with long, pointed ends in front, had a shell trimming of black lace, forming a square panel in the back, mingled with a jet passementerie with ball pendants.

A small round cape was composed of a foundation of net, covered with close rows of jet passementerie crossed with bands of passementerie in perpendicular rows, terminating in satin loops; a very wide crimped silk and chenille fringe edged the cape, extending its depth to the waist.

A large mantle of silk cut square in the back with peplum points on the sides, had square sleeves formed by the back pieces; a full jabot of lace trimmed the fronts and pleatings of lace, jet passementerie and fringe the back. Another mantle, also of a large shape, was cut in the back, in the round shawl shape; the fronts were double, the upper parts, tieing together in the fichu style; the trimming was a handsome combination of moss fringe and jet passementerie.

I may also mention as especially attractive a variety of shawl-shaped fichus, of silk and sicilienne, and mexicaine grenadine, with pointed fronts to tie together; these are embroidered in floss and silk, and edged with fringe, or trimmed with lace pleatings or fringe, and will prove very desirable and popular for light summer wraps, the prices varying from $10 up to $18.

In contrast to these mantles are the Louis XV coat of heavy gros grain silk. One which I noted was trimmed down the front with pleatings of French lace outlining a vest; the pleatings extended up each side of the back to the waist line, the space between being filled up with pleatings; a heavy chenille and tape fringe edged the coat under the lace.

Another one equally effective was cut in front to show a vest of black satin and moire striped pekin embroidered with jet and silk; the cuffs, collar, pockets and revers were of the same material as the vest. Mr. Wanamaker has made these coats a special feature of his display of spring wraps, and has them in a grade of sizes varying from 34 inches up to 46 inches of the bust measurement; and an equally wide grade is established in the prices which vary in silk from $18 up to $50, and in cashmere beginning at $7 and running up to $25, which opens a wide field of selection of a quality, shape, and price to meet all demands.

The parasols are conspicuously different from the styles familiar to us for many seasons, and are very elaborate in the variety of materials employed in the handles as well as covers; the sticks are of cherry wood, bamboo, and other light-colored woods; the tops are cut short and blunt like the Japanese parasols; sixteen gilded ribs are used in the frames, and are placed outside of the lining; the handles terminate in a carved head, representing a swan's head, or golden pheasant, a rabbit, a cat, and the pug already familiar on the parasols of last summer. The most popular covers are of striped pekin, or plain satin for dress parasols; among the popular colors are old gold and black, garnet, and two shades of blue; the polka dots are used for sun umbrellas, and for more dressy occasions the covers are of shaded silk, with an elaborate embroidery in shaded silks, outlined with gold thread, and a wide lace flounce on the edge. A parasol of this description shaded from a centre of dark blue to a light blue border; in the embroidery were shades of pale pink garnet, olive, old gold, and blue outlined with gold thread. A Spanish lace flounce trimmed the edge. The prices for sun umbrellas vary from $1.50 up to $5, and for parasols up to $13.

Dress trimmings are among the most important features of spring costumes, more especially under the present rule of Fashion, which makes the trimming of a dress its prominent attraction. To meet these requirements, lace, fringe, passementerie, elaborate with jet, or without, and exquisitely tinted, enameled, cut and painted buttons are displayed in exquisite variety this spring by our leading houses, prominent among which is the far famed "Bee Hive" of Messrs. Partridge & Richardson, who have an unusually large assortment of trimmings of every description suitable for costumes of silk, woolen and wash materials, and at prices which meet the demands of the most economical, and those who can indulge their taste without limit. Their assortment of fringes are especially notable, among which are the varied styles of crimped and pressed tape fringes, chenille, silk, and those which are combined with jet to correspond with the jet passementerie so popular in spring wraps, of which they have a choice assortment. Their variety of buttons is also worthy of inspection, and comprises all the styles in vogue, among which the enamel, painted and tinted pearl are very effective. To enable residents out of town to take advantage of their admirable assortment, they have established an order department through which they can fulfil any orders by mail.

The shop in New Marlboro', where Elihu Burritt began to be the learned blacksmith, is still standing.

Prince Napoleon is described as "a young fellow, in the first blush of joyous youth, and evidently just bubbling over with pleasurable excitement at the thought of going to the war.

Colonel Price, eighty years old, and blind, is the most active temperance reformer in Indiana. He became so excited recently while making a speech, that he was prostrated by an attack of heart disease, which nearly killed him.

At Mayence, lately, a family vault was broken into the night after the dogs at the nearest house had been poisoned. An ornament of brilliants, buried twenty years ago with a bride, was the bait. The thieves were disturbed, and didn't get the plunder.

The English government is sending out a host of inexperienced army surgeons to South Africa, just as we sent them out during the rebellion. Many an honest fellow who walks on crutches to-day had a leg hacked off by some learner when it might have been saved.

The bricks on which the pyramids of Egypt are built contain abundant remains of animal and vegetable life, perfectly preserved, and throw light upon the civilization of ancient Egypt. Plants, grain, shells, fishes, etc., are so well preserved that there is no difficulty whatever in identifying them.

The late Mrs. Julia Cameron, the clever Englishwoman, was extremely plain, as well as original, but she greatly admired beauty. Her house was managed by pretty servants, and to her intense delight, a visitor of hers once fell in love with a graceful cook (who used to dust the flour from her arms that she might meet her suitor in the library) and married her.

A Distinguished Member of Congress.

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, who had suffered for years from Chronic Catarrh, accompanied by an almost daily effusion of blood, was induced to try "Compound Oxygen" for relief, and the benefit received was so great that in a letter to the undersigned he says: "You are authorized to give any degree of publicity to my assertion that the use of your gas at intervals has so far restored my health that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year, and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared. My experience under your treatment has convinced me that no future dispensatory will be complete that does not embrace the administration, by inhalation or otherwise, of your agent, or its equivalent, to those who, from their vocation or other causes, are, as I was, unable to assimilate enough of some vital element to maintain their system in healthful vigor. Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain your grateful friend." Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature, Mode of Action and Results," sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

Birmingham, England, is importing hay forks, clocks, apple-parers, and clothes-pins from Philadelphia.

Richard Daft, of London, is arranging to bring a team of professional cricketers to this country next August.

The old custom of burying suicides at midnight, and without religious ceremonies, is still followed in England.

The Canadian lumbermen say the past winter has been one of the most favorable on record for getting out timber and saw logs.

It is found by inventory that the amount bequeathed by the late Asa Otis, of Norwich, to foreign missions, is nearly one million dollars.

There are 240 acres of strawberries in and around Charleston, S. C. The yield, it is estimated, will be upward of one hundred thousand.

The price of fitting up anew the royal yacht Osborne for the bridal trip of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was about one hundred thousand dollars.

Henry James, Jr., the novelist, is the son of Henry James, of Cambridge, Mass., a writer of repute, but the fame of the son has far eclipsed that of the father.

Pope Leo XIII. has ordered the private chamberlains of the Vatican to leave off the picturesque costumes of the sixteenth century and to adopt one more modern.

Gen. Lafayette introduced the game of "faro" into this country during the revolution, and it was first played by the officers stationed with him on the Hudson river.

That story about John E. Skinner, a New Haven printer, having $750,000 left him by a West Indian, in remembrance of a kindness showed the latter long ago, was a hoax.

Lyman Seeley, one of the veterans of the war of 1812 receives $8 a month as bridge-keeper at Middleborough, Schoharie Co., N. Y. The old gentleman is highly esteemed and wants for naught.

C. M. Hovey has arrived in London, carrying with him some of his remarkable gains in new camellias. A box of flowers cut in New England were opened in London and found in excellent condition.

A Georgia paper reports that on South-bound trains two-thirds of the passengers in most instances are people of the North visiting the "Sunny South"—some on business, but the majority pleasure-seekers.

In the town of Weston, Conn., resides unquestionably the oldest married couple in New England, and probably the oldest in this country, Mr. Zalmon Sturgis, aged nearly 98, and Ann, his wife, in her 94th year.

RHEUMATISM comes from inactive kidneys. Hop Bitters never fails to cure it. Read adv't.

Mayfair says: "I am credibly informed that the absence of Prince Leopold from his brother's nuptials was owing less to a slight knee sprain than to a violent objection to the celebration of the marriage in Lent."

The St. Louis Kennel Club has bought the English pointer Faust, having paid $1,500 for the animal, one of the largest prices for a pointer on record. Faust is a magnificent liver and white pointer, possessing immense power and bone, and he is beautifully put together from head to stern.

Everything Goes Wrong

In the bodily mechanism when the liver gets out of order. Constipation, dyspepsia, contamination of the blood, imperfect assimilation, are certain to ensue. But it is easy to prevent these consequences, and remove their cause, by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the biliary organ and regulates its action. The direct result is a disappearance of the pains beneath the ribs and through the shoulder blade, the nausea, headaches, yellowness of the skin, furred look of the tongue, and sour odor of the breath, which characterize liver complaint. Sound digestion and a regular habit of body are blessings also secured by the use of this celebrated restorative of health, which imparts a degree of vigor to the body which is its best guarantee of safety from malarial epidemics. Nerve weakness and over-tension are relieved by it, and it improves both appetite and sleep.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

Doctor's Bills

Saved by using M'Clelland's Homeopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address McCLELLAND & CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

To One and All.—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use "WILSON'S PURE COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME" a safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. WILSON, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

THAT Indigestion or stomach gas at night, preventing rest and sleep, will disappear by using Hop Bitters.

A GOOD PLAN

Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating in stocks, by the "Two Unerring Rules for Success," in Messrs Lawrence & Co.'s new circular. The combination method, which this firm has made so successful, enables people with large or small means to reap all the benefits of largest capital and best skill. Thousands of orders, in various sums, are pooled into one vast amount and co-operated as a mighty whole, thus securing to each shareholder all the advantages of the largest operator. Immense profits are divided monthly. Any amount, from $5 to $5,000, or more, can be used successfully. N. Y. Baptist Weekly, September 16th, 1878, says, "By the combination system $15 would make $75, or 5 per cent.; $50 pays $350, or 7 per cent. $300 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent. on the stock, during the month, according to the market." Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper June 29th: "The combination method of operating stocks is the most successful ever adopted." New York Independent, Sept. 12th: "The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." Brooklyn Journal, April 26th: "Our editor made a net profit of $101.25 from $30 in one of Messrs Lawrence & Co.'s combinations." New circular (mailed free) explains everything. Stocks and bonds wanted. Government bonds supplied. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

THE GYROCHROME;
—OR—
Prismatic Top,

A new mechanical toy which pleases the artistic eye, as well as that of childhood. Will spin from 10 to 20 minutes according to the force used a starting it. No limit to the number of its color changes; it is impossible to produce the same combination of colors twice. Made entirely of metal it cannot be broken, while its countless changes make it always a new toy, and a source of infinite amusement. Price 25 cents. By mail 35 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Agents Wanted.

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120 EXCHANGE PLACE, PHILA.

The American District Telegraph Co.

Has removed the office from Seventh and Chestnut Streets to

THE TIMES BUILDING, EIGHTH, below CHESTNUT Street.

MESSENGER, POLICE AND FIRE SERVICE, DAY AND NIGHT.

Telegrams sent to any part of the CITY OR WORLD.

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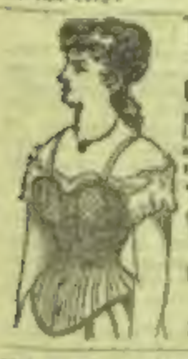

THE TAMPICO BUSTS
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DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET
and Skirt Supporter are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.
The FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,
(120 bones) fits with perfect ease and is Warranted not to break over the hips.
Price, - - $1.25.
For Sale by leading Merchants.
WARNER BRO'S,
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SAVE A DOLLAR!!
The Egyptian Fever, Ague and Liver Pad
is without any exception the best Pad in existence for the cure and prevention of all malarious diseases and the most wonderful medical discovery of the age. No medicine required. Cures by absorption. Send for pamphlet, which gives certificates of extraordinary cures performed by this Pad, mailed free. Ask your Druggist for the **Egyptian Pad** and take no other; if he has none, I will send you one by mail on receipt of price, $1. JOSEPH FLEMING, 24 Market street, Pittsburgh Pa. Sole Agent for the United States.

FITS CURED!! FREE!!
An infallible and uncalled remedy for Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, warranted to effect a speedy and Permanent Cure. "A Free Bottle" of my renowned specific and a valuable Treatise sent to any sufferer sending me his Post-office and Express Address. Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl Street, N. Y.

NERVOUS DEBILITY
Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by
HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.
Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co.,
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R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.
FEVER AND AGUE,
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,
Liver Complaint, Etc.
Kidney and Bladder Complaints,
Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.
OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
—BY—
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DR. RADWAY & CO.
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NEW YORK HOTEL,
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Price of Board and Rooms reduced to $3 per day, for transient guests.

The location of this favorite hotel is unsurpassed for convenience of men of business or families sojourning in the city.

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TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.,
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N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free

JUDGE For Yourself — By sending 25 cents with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 20, Fultonville, N. Y.

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We will pay Agents a salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Samples free. Address SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

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A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay exhaustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed free. Address J. E. REEVES, 49 Chatham St., N. Y.

ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left.
M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.
Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

50 PERFUMED Chromo Scroll, Transparent & Flirtation cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. Outfit 10c. Agents wanted. Royal Card Co. Northford Ct.

50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. G. A. SPRING & Co., E. Wallingford, Conn.

60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

The Largest Dress Trimming House in Philad.

PARTRIDGE & RICHARDSON,
17 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Respectfully invite the attention of the lady readers of this paper to their GREAT BARGAINS in Black and Colored Silks, Fringes, Laces, Buttons and ornaments. Also a new line of Zephyr Goods, Fancy Tidies, Brackets and every variety of Staple and Fancy Goods. Our Order Department has been thoroughly reorganized, and we are prepared to fill any order by mail.

SEND FOR SAMPLES AND COMPARE PRICES
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE BEE HIVE
IS NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD.
FULL GUARANTEE GIVEN.

SPRING — SUMMER
JOHN WANAMAKER.
THE
Unparalleled Success of
The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies
1 — 8
at the Grand Depot, during the past season, has necessitated an entire refitting of the interior of the large room devoted exclusively to executing orders received by mail.

THE LARGEST DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,

Though you live a Thousand Miles from Philadelphia, you can purchase at the Grand Depot an entire outfit or the smallest article in Dry Goods, etc., with the greatest ease, and an absolute certainty of the same exact attention that is paid to customers who visit the establishment in person.

GRAND DEPOT

Precision, Promptness and Experience, combined with the highest regard for even the slightest wishes of those who order, and a now almost faultless system, peculiar to the Grand Depot only, make this the Model Department of its kind in America.

Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Linens, Flannels, Muslins, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.

THIRTEENTH ST., CHESTNUT TO MARKET STS.

7 — 9
Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering.

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1 PACK 32 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c.; 2 packs 50c.; Coe & Co., Northford, Conn.

1 PACK 32 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c., 2 packs 50c. Alling & Co., Durham, Ct.

60 New Style Cards, Lilly, Chromo, Motto, Lace, Goldedge, &c. Name in gold, 10c. Star Co. Clintonville, Ct.

50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

40 Motto, Chromo, etc. cards, name and fancy case 10 cts. E. D. Gilbert, F. N. Higganum, Conn.

NIGHT SCENES, 6 for 10c. Sent by mail sealed. GILBERT & CO., North Chatham, N. Y.

50 Cards, no 2 alike, Chromo &c., with name, 10c. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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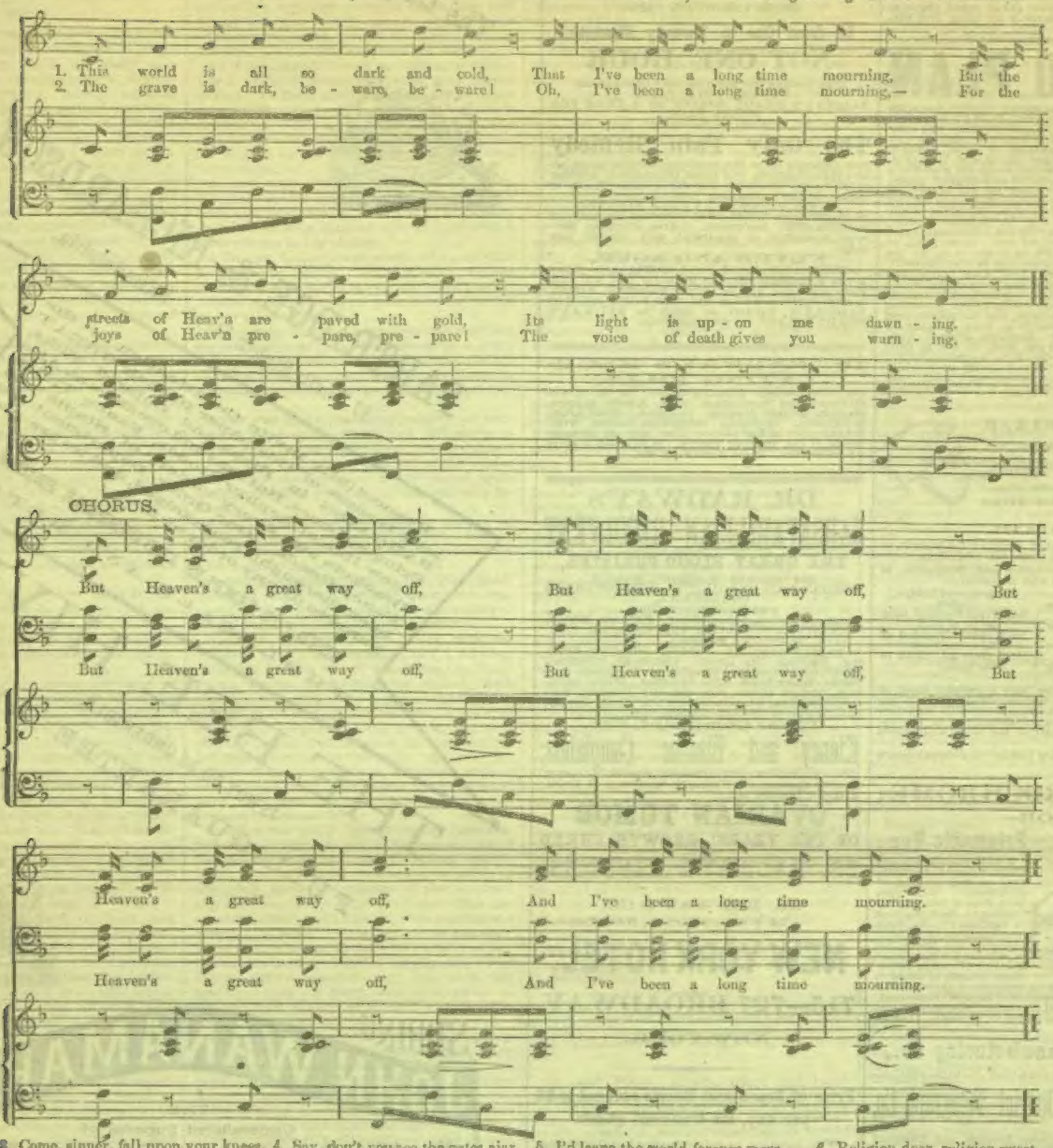
"HEAVEN'S A GREAT WAY OFF."

(SLAVE'S CAMP HYMN.) *Arranged by SEP. WINNER*


1. This world is all so dark and cold, That I've been a long time mourning, But the
2. The grave is dark, be - ware, be - ware! Oh, I've been a long time mourning,— For the
streets of Heav'n are paved with gold, Its light is up - on me dawn - ing.
joys of Heav'n pre - pare, pre - pare! The voice of death gives you warn - ing.
CHORUS.
But Heaven's a great way off, But Heaven's a great way off, But
But Heaven's a great way off, But Heaven's a great way off, But
Heaven's a great way off, And I've been a long time mourning.
Heaven's a great way off, And I've been a long time mourning.

3. Come, sinner, fall upon your knees,
Oh, I've been a long time mourning,
Repent, and let your heart find ease,
Before the judgment morning.

4. Say, don't you see the gates ajar,
Oh, I've been a long time mourning,
The path is straight tho' the journey's far,
Don't trifle nor be scorning.

5. I'd leave the world forever more,
For I've been a long time mourning,
If I could reach the shining shore
With the light of heav'n adorning.

6. Religion dear, religion sweet,
Oh! I've been a long time mourning,
I soon shall rest at Jesus' feet,
His smile is upon me dawning.

Copyright, 1878, by SEP. WINNER.

CONSTANCY.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

As welcome to flowers, the sun's rosy dawning,
When woke by his kiss from the sleep of the night,
So shine gentle eyes smiling sweet as the morning,
To bless weary hearts with a love-bearing light.

As grateful as earth's bosom drinks the soft showers,
Bapt'sing its soil in an anthem of joy,
Love's tender words live in the dreariest hours
With strength giving grace time can never destroy.

As the shore-lighted beacon beams hope to the drifting—
The storm-tossed and compassless—through the dark gloom
Faith's true heart the shadows from and souls uplifting
Gives trust for the future what'er it may be.

Answers to Inquirers.

F. N. (Butler, Pa.)—We do not know of any such firm.

FRIEND, (Phila., Pa.)—Send your sketches, and if they possess interest for our readers generally we will publish them.

R. S. (Linn, Iowa.)—Put salts of sorrel into common ink, and write with a quill pen, and the writing will disappear in a short time.

L. M. (Johnson, Ind.)—The story you mention would not be of sufficient interest to the majority of our readers to republish. It has not been issued in book form.

A. C. W., (Marion, Ill.)—The age of thirty-three is too old to begin to think of trade seriously as a profession. If your friend takes our advice, he will discard the idea.

STOWE, (Howell, Mo.)—Lady Byron, wife of the poet, died May 16, 1860, aged 65 years. Ada Augusta, daughter of Lord and Lady Byron, died November 27, 1852, aged 37.

G. R. (Pigeon Lake, Manitoba.)—In the case of the players A and B the latter is wrong. The order of the cards, three, five, two and four, does not constitute a sequence, or run.

S. (Darby, Pa.)—Commonwealth, Bella, Blackbird, George Wilkes, Joe Brown, Mystic, Mollie Morris, Silverslides, Little Gypsy, Oakland Maid, and Jennie Holton have all made 2.22.

F. A. (Goochland, Va.)—"Borough-English" is a customary descent of estates in England to the youngest son instead of the eldest, or, if the owner leaves no son, to the youngest brother.

C. (Haddington, Pa.)—To electrotype articles is a most expensive process for amateurs; you would get the things plated at less than half the cost by taking them to any silversmith or person who sells plated goods.

EUREKA, (Phila., Pa.)—Consult the advertising columns of the prominent daily papers of this city, or more particularly the sporting journals. It is against our rules to advertise such matters in this column.

PLAYER, (Phila., Pa.)—"Forking" in chess is a term used to express the assailing two or more adverse pieces at a single move. Though usually applied to the moves of the Knights and Pawns, it is common to the divergent moves of all the pieces.

B. (Greene, Tenn.)—If a young lady receives a note from a gentleman, wishing to call on a certain evening, the wish being granted, and another gentleman sends his card wishing to call on the same evening, she can receive one or both gentlemen with equal propriety.

M. R. (Southwark, Phila.)—It is quite customary for a gentleman to escort a lady home from a friend's house, if she has to walk some distance by herself, even if they have only been recently introduced. 2. The lady takes the most protected side, whichever that may be.

KNOWL, (Lauderdale, Ala.)—A lump of common soda, about the size of a large nut, mixed with half a pint of starch will render the articles glossy and easily ironed; or when hot starch is used, white wax, melted in the starch, improves the appearance of the articles when ironed.

S. T. (Atlantic, N. J.)—You are right. The paddle-wheel for boats is seen on the Assyrian slabs, and is more than one old European fresco. The bicycle seems to have been known in China more than two centuries ago and the velocipede was probably seen even before that in Europe.

S. H. (Scott, Minn.)—Neither black nor white is a color, but merely absence of color, or negative, in fact. The three primitive or prismatic colors which you will evolve out of white—or out of what you think white—light are red, blue, and yellow; all others are compounded of them, or are degrees of them in more or less force.

V. (Columbia, Pa.)—Two packs of cards are used. One is dealt round, the other is turned face up. Say, for instance, the ace of hearts is turned up, and the question is put: "Who will be married first?" The person to whom the ace of hearts of the first pack is dealt is the one who will be married first. We reply as soon as space permits.

A. H. (Baltimore, Md.)—To frost leaves, twigs, etc., dip them in gum and sprinkle them with glass powder, or melt common soda in a little water and pour it over the leaves which have been previously well gummed. Crystals are made by pulling cotton wool in shape, covering with weak starch, and then sprinkling with glass powder.

A. Z. (Phila., Pa.)—In finishing Japanned leather the japanning mixture is worked by the hand alone. This mixture consists simply of linseed oil and Prussian blue, the last coat being of linseed oil and lamp black, put evenly over the surface as it lies spread out on a table. No machine has as yet been made to supercede the hand in this part of the work.

J. O. H. L., (Smoky Valley, Ky.)—The following is a superior varnish for the purposes: Litharge and powdered dried sugar of lead, quarter of an ounce each, clarified oil one pint and three-quarters, sorted gum anime, half pound; boil till the mixture strings well, then cool a little. It should next be thinned with three pints of oil of turpentine and strained.

PINAFORE, (Phila., Pa.)—The Secret Marriage is an opera by Cimarosa, a composer who lived about the year 1780. He was born in the Kingdom of Naples, and during his life wrote nearly ninety operas, besides other compositions of a miscellaneous nature. His father was a mason, and his mother added to the family wealth by pursuing the calling of a laundress.

MARTIE, (Locke Hill, Texas.)—The verse you quote is by Whittier, and is found in his poem "On Receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior." Correctly it reads as follows:

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

M. (Alexander, N. C.)—Nervousness arises principally from a derangement of the liver and digestive organs, for which you should consult a reliable physician. 2. Elocutionary practice tends to strengthen the voice. 3. Palpitation of the heart, if not organic, is not dangerous, and is usually outgrown, especially if the afflicted one is young in years. We cannot answer your last query.

SERMON, (Montcalm, Mich.)—The pastor referred probably to what is known as the "Nestorian heresy." Nestorius, some time Bishop of Constantinople, maintained that while the Virgin Mary was the mother of Christ, she was not the mother of God, for no human creature could give that to another which she had not herself. Hence Christ was united to God in person, but not in essence. Nestorius died A. D. 450.

H. R. (Lehigh, Pa.)—You have evidently gone so far with your attentions that you cannot retract with honor to yourself; and as there is nothing to object to in the young lady's character, accomplishments, personal appearance, or social position, why hesitate? You say that she loves you—of this you are convinced; how cruel, then to trifle with her affections, since she is in every way worthy of you, according to your own showing.

S. (Wood, Wis.)—The difference between the Phonetic and Stenographic system is, that Phonetics relate to the doctrine or science of sounds, especially those of the human voice. Stenography is the art of short-hand writing, by using abbreviations of characters for whole words. Phonography, a representation of sounds by distinctive characters and at present much employed, is considered simpler and easier to learn than stenography.

ROSE-LEAF, (Phila., Pa.)—Your handwriting is hardly that of a girl of seventeen, but supposing you are sincere in your question, we should unhesitatingly advise you not to marry a man old enough to be your grandfather. It may be the match might have some purely worldly advantages for you, but no matter how great these may be, they would hardly offset the unhappiness that must almost inevitably arise between a couple so disproportioned in age.

V. I. (Norristown, Pa.)—You may strengthen your voice by reading or reciting for a short time daily, in the highest speaking tone which you can comfortably maintain; in singing exercise the highest notes of the voice but do not dwell on those which you can only reach with difficulty. Avoid taking pastry, cakes, nuts, cream, or coffee when about to sing. Jujubes, or troches, which can be bought at any druggists, are used by many public speakers and singers for clearing the voice.

LOVELY, (Herkimer, N. Y.)—Marriage is a matter of great moment; it involves the venture of a life's happiness on the sentiment of the passing hour. It is well to be cautious and look around and within before determining whether to accept or reject a proposal. As in this case there seems to be no urgent necessity for an immediate change of state, it would be wise to exercise prudence, and take measures to test the sincerity and depth of feeling on both sides before making an irrevocable choice.

M. N. (Schuyler, Ill.)—A young lady must decide for herself whether or not a gentleman's conduct is such as to warrant her in sacrificing other company for his sake, under the belief that he intends marriage. Men are apt to be so thoughtless and selfish in such matters, that a young lady should not be in haste to come to the conclusion that a man who seems interested in her intends to make her his wife, and so sacrifice advantages and opportunities for what may, after all, turn out to be an hallucination. Do not act hastily.

K. F. (Otsego, N. Y.)—Fashions have usually originated in some temporizing event; for instance, after the battle of Steenkirk, where the allies were large cravats by which the French frequently seized hold of them, a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV., cravats were called Steenkirks; and after the battle of Ramillies, wigs received that denomination. Eminent characters have given their names to different articles of costume—such, for instance, as the boot christened after the Duke of Wellington, and the carriage bearing the name of Lord Brougham.